

# DAILY DEMOCRAT FORUM

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NO. 186.

## A NEW YEAR LETTER

A PICTURE OF HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME IN AT WASHINGTON.

## TAFT'S BIG RECEPTION

While President was receiving at Washington, Ohio Republicans were planning his downfall.

(By VAN CLEVE.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1912. "Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring out the false, ring in the true." This was done last night with more spirit and enthusiasm than has been shown at any previous christening of the glad new year in the nation's capitol. The old year was tenderly laid away in the calendar graveyard and the birthday of the new babe was hailed with universal satisfaction and delight.

Practically the whole of Washington's population attended the dual function. Extensive preparations were made for the event. The churches held "watch" meetings, the regular services in most cases being postponed until about 9 o'clock. All the big hotels announced special dinners at from \$1 to \$3.50 per plate, the cafes all made special preparations and there was hardly a seat in any of the leading ones that had not been reserved several days in advance. Nine hundred were seated at the New Willard hotel. Thousands of families gathered in "watch parties" at the homes of individuals and celebrated on an economical scale.

As the hour of 12 approached the orchestras in the cafes and hotels turned to the old familiar songs and the assembled hosts joined in singing their benedictions alike upon the old and the new. "Auld Lang Syne" was the favorite and, at times the choruses rose almost to tumultuous proportions. At a moment before 12 the lights were turned out and the melodies of the orchestra were suddenly turned into a bedlam of discordant jangle which continued a short time and was succeeded by a return to the delightful strains of harmony.

At one of the large and fashionable hotels, at which were gathered diplomats from the various nations, army and navy officers and social leaders of various grades, at one second to 12 a bugler sounded the "taps," and, as the silvery strains filled the large room, the lights were suddenly turned out. Twelve strokes in measured time were struck on a large bell, the bugler sounded "reveille" and the lights were flashed on again. A big electric sign greeted the guests bearing the inscription "A Happy New Year," the music began once more and the merriment proceeded.

Coincident with all this, as the last stroke of twelve died away in the distant echoes, the church bells pealed forth the glad tidings of the new birth, the scores of locomotive whistles in the railroad yards were turned loose, the steamboat whistles joined in the acclaim to which were added the voice of numerous other whistles, both large and small. Automobile horns were blown as was every available horn or noise making device, and for a time a tumultuous uproar followed. The man who thought he would go to sleep and not sit the year out was in for a rude awakening.

The chief event of New Year's day was the president's reception. Elaborate arrangements were made, and when the end of the long line had been reached this afternoon the president indulged a long and energetic sigh of relief and enquired of Mrs. Taft if there was anything to eat. The man who sits close by and keeps tab on things whispered that the chief ex-

ecutive had shaken hands with 8,092 callers and that it had been the most successful New Year's reception yet held at the White House. It was then about 2:30. He rubbed his aching arm and headed for the red room, where a buffet luncheon was served, and the White House family enjoyed the rest of the day in seclusion. The affair began at 11 o'clock, when the vice president and the members of the cabinet were received. Then followed the diplomatic corps, the judges of the supreme court and the various other courts and former cabinet members and ambassadors and ministers. At 11:30 the senators, representatives and delegates in congress filed in; then came the officers of the army and navy; then the solicitor general, the various attorneys general and members of the numerous commissions, including the tariff board, and the heads of the bureaus in the departments; these were followed by representatives of many societies, and at 12:30 the doors were opened to the general public. The only White House reception that ever exceeded this in numbers was the farewell reception given to Theodore Roosevelt when he was leaving for private life and the jungles of Africa.

While all this was going on a big meeting of Ohio Republicans was in session at Columbus trying to decide whether to endorse Roosevelt or La Follette, with never a word for the man at the helm. Verily this is a fickle and cruel world.

The friends of Morse, the New York banker who is serving a term in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., hoped to get a Christmas pardon for him, but failed. There seems to be no doubt that the unfortunate man is doomed to an early death. He has Bright's disease, which has been aggravated by confinement, and he has accumulated a number of complications, among which is a practical mental and nervous collapse. He was borne his confinement with great fortitude and before the breaking down of his health attempted to carry on his work and regain his lost fortune, but he has a horror of dying in prison. He believes now that his end is near and he wants to die outside the prison walls. He says he does not care when he dies but he does care where. The public generally had hoped that he would at least get a parole, and many believe he should have an outright pardon.

No one feels that Morse, having at least technically violated the law, should have been punished, but those familiar with the case declare that he was made the goat for a bunch of New York financiers, and that the only reason he was convicted when others were not was because he had offended persons very high in administration councils. These parties trace Morse's troubles back to the fact that he inaugurated an independent line of steamers along the upper Atlantic coast which seriously injured the monopoly held by lines in the control of the New Haven railroad. He was warned not to go into it, but he did not heed the warning. He put in his line and he was building up a big business. He rapidly accumulated a fortune. J. P. Morgan & Co. own a controlling interest in the New Haven properties and Charles P. Taft is said to have been a heavy stockholder.

Morse was sent up for fifteen years. He has served about five years and has practically served a life sentence. A number of examinations have been recently made and the president sent down two or three delegations of army and other surgeons and they all agree that his case is hopeless. The only point at issue seems to be whether the man is to die right away or in a little while. It was stated that if he were pardoned he might get well. It is inconceivable that an argument like that would defer executive clemency, but the word has gone out, and all circumstances seem to affirm it, that when it is positively known that he can no longer exist in prison he will be liberated, not to live but to die. A great fight has been made for his liberty, and the people generally seem to be wishing him good speed in his efforts.

**Visiting Kansas Relatives.**  
Miss Chloe Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith, went to Colony, Kan., to visit her uncles, W. D. Bishop and Mel Heflin, and families. She will also visit at Lawrence, Kan., with S. K. Heflin and family. Miss Smith will be gone several weeks.

**Went to Lamar.**  
E. F. Jones, secretary of the State Anti-Saloon league, who assisted the local option committee in Maryville, left Saturday for Lamar, Mo., where there is a local option campaign on. Lamar is to vote January 23.

## THE COLDEST DAY

SATURDAY'S RECORD OF 17 BELOW WAS EQUAL TO JAN., 1899.

## FRIDAY MAX. 8 BELOW

Thirteen Years Ago There Were Twenty Days Thermometer Never Got Above Zero Mark.

Saturday was the coldest day of the winter, and at the same time the coldest day Maryville has experienced in several years. The maximum temperature on Friday was 8 degrees below zero.

But on Saturday morning the thermometer went down to 17 below zero, the coldest morning we have had, and the highest mark the thermometer has reached this winter. In 1911 the coldest mark was 14 below zero, January 3. At 1 o'clock this afternoon it was 9 below zero.

The present cold spell is showing unusual lasting power. The following table shows the highest and lowest temperatures registered since December 28:

	Min.	Max.
December 29.....	10	31
December 30.....	4	6
December 31.....	-6	8
January 1.....	-6	10
January 2.....	-5	12
January 3.....	-6	9
January 4.....	-2	10
January 5.....	-12	-8
January 6.....	-17	-9

In 1899 the thermometer made a record on January, 1899. It was 17 degrees below zero, and on February 9 the thermometer went down to 28 degrees below zero. There were twenty days in that year that the thermometer was never above zero. February 2, 1905, it was 22 degrees below zero, and on the same day the maximum temperature was 9 degrees below zero, or 1 degree more than it was Friday.

The forecast indicates that the cold weather will keep up at least for two or three days more.

All of the trains on the Wabash and Burlington were again late Friday night and Saturday, most of them running from an hour to six hours late.

## Sunday Services at Local Churches

**First Presbyterian Church.**  
There will be no preaching services at the First Presbyterian church Sunday. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. and Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.

**M. E. Church, South.**  
Regular services Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Morning services at 10:45 and evening services at 7:30 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Parvin. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

**First M. E. Church.**  
Regular services Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock. Morning service at 10:45 and evening service at 7:30 o'clock, with sermons by the pastor, Dr. J. S. Ford. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

**First Baptist Church.**  
The pastor, Rev. Lee Harrel, will preach at 11 a. m. on "Encouragement for Doing Christian Work," and at 7:30 p. m. on "New Year's Resolutions." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

**Christian Church.**  
Regular preaching services at 10:45 and 7:30 by the pastor, Rev. C. J. Miller. Bible school at 9:30. Endeavor at 6:30, leader, Paul Boyer. Morning subject, "The Christian Watchword." Evening subject, "The Unpardonable Sin." We begin our revival services in the morning. The new song books are here. All invited.

**Mrs. Hutton Getting Better.**  
Mrs. W. J. Hutton, who has been critically ill in Ensworth hospital for several weeks, began to improve Thursday and has continued to improve so gradually that the physicians and family have hope of her ultimate recovery. Mr. Hutton has been with her constantly and will remain until she is able to be brought home. Mrs. Hutton's mother, Mrs. Aldridge, and her son and daughter, Clyde and Nellie Hutton, who were summoned to her bedside Wednesday, returned home Thursday night.

## THE COUNTY TO VOTE

LOCAL OPTION PETITION ACTED ON BY THE COUNTY COURT.

## SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10

Date is Fixed as Required by Law on Presentation of Petition Containing 10 Per Cent of Voters.

An election is to be held in Nodaway county outside of Maryville, on Saturday, February 10, when they will vote on the local option question, so the county court decided Saturday afternoon.

The election was called by the county court after finding that 10 per cent of the qualified voters of the county outside of Maryville had signed the petition requesting the court to call the election. It was imperative on the court to call the election when the required number of names were on the petition.

The petition was secured by the "wet" side, and they had over 600 names to the petition, over the required number. It was presented to the court Friday evening.

Many are of the opinion that since Maryville went "wet" Nodaway county will also go "wet" in a new election, as many of the people over the county feel that if one spot in the county is "wet" the whole county should be "wet."

## WAS POORLY ATTENDED.

Entertainment Friday Night Was Instructive and Interesting.

"The Blue and the Gray" entertainment given in the Business college auditorium Friday night was poorly attended on account of the severe cold weather. Granville Jones assumed the confederate point of view and Prof. W. A. Gardner the Union side. The two men presented the viewpoints of the two sides in an able manner, and the entertainment was instructive and interesting as it was unique.

The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Military band and Company F.

## News of Society and Womens' Clubs

**Installation Postponed.**  
The installation of officers for the Grand Army of the Republic and the Woman's Relief Corps, which was to take place Saturday night in the post hall, has been postponed on account of the cold weather.

## Friday Dinner Guests.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Ringgold entertained with a dinner Friday, their guests being Mrs. Ringgold's sisters and brother, Mrs. E. C. Taylor of Manos, Col.; Mrs. Michael M. McGittigan of Clearmont; Mrs. Elizabeth Morehouse of Hopkins and Mr. William Huls of Elmo. Mrs. Taylor is on her way home from a holiday visit in Chicago with her daughter, Miss Lola Taylor, who is a student in Chicago university. Miss Taylor spent several weeks in Maryville last summer with Mrs. Ringgold, and also visited other relatives in the county, and will be kindly remembered by many who made her acquaintance.

## Had a Banquet at Clearmont.

Several young men of Clearmont entertained their young lady friends to a delightful banquet Tuesday evening, January 2, at the brick hotel in that town. The dining room and tables were decorated in pink and white and the favors for the young ladies were pink and white carnations and fern leaves. A delicious four-course supper was served, and the color scheme of pink and white was carried out in the cake and ice cream. The young ladies brought neatly wrapped packages, for each young man, which were opened at the table, and contained a suggestion for a joke, and was greatly enjoyed, as it was a complete surprise to the young men. The out-of-town guests were Miss Jennie Robinson of Maryville, Miss Lydia Berkey of Milford, Neb.; Mr. Roy Kramer of Omaha, Neb.; and Mr. William Wagner of Burlington Junction.

Miss Alice Cobb of Bedford, Ia., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Maud Clark. Miss Cobb came Friday from Savannah, where she had been visiting relatives.

## DEATH OF AN AGED MAN.

"Uncle Doc" McKenzie Died at the Home of His Niece, Mrs. Albert Watts.

John McKenzie, better known as "Uncle Doc," died Friday night at the home of his niece, Mrs. Albert Watts, on East Third street, after a seven months' illness of sciatic rheumatism. The funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Oak Hill church, five miles east of Maryville, and interment will take place in the cemetery there.

Mr. McKenzie was 89 years old and was a native of Decatur county, Indiana. He moved to Washington county, Ia., when a boy, and made his home there until seventeen years ago, when he came to Maryville to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Watts, who at that time lived on their farm east of Maryville. Mr. McKenzie was never married. He was converted in young manhood and united with the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a consistent Christian always and was known to never speak ill of any one. During his long illness he was kind and patient and grateful for everything that was done for him. He was a truly good man.

Mr. McKenzie is survived by six sisters, Mrs. Edith Stoltz, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Watts, and Mrs. Martha Smith, also of Maryville; Mrs. Benjamin Anderson and Mrs. Mary Farrier of Washington, Ia.; Mrs. Margaret Thompson of Joplin, Mo., and Mrs. Vina Bowen of Los Angeles, Cal.

## CASES FILED IN CIRCUIT COURT.

One a Divorce Suit and Another One an Appeal Case From Guilford.

Two cases were filed Saturday in the circuit clerk's office for the February term of circuit court.

One of the cases was a divorce suit filed by Attorney George Pat Wright. Myrtle M. Duckinworth is suing her husband, Charles M. Duckinworth, for divorce and care and custody of three children. They were married in Nodaway county, in December, 1897, and separated in March, 1911. The petition alleges that the defendant is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

The other case was an appeal case from the justice court at Guilford. Dade D. Henderson and J. H. Wilson sued the Great Western railroad for \$65.61 on account of a delay in a shipment of twenty-one head of cattle that were shipped to St. Joseph. The case was won in the justice court by the plaintiff, and the railroad company was granted an appeal to the circuit court.

## CHOOSE PETIT JURY.

For the February Term of Circuit Court Selected by the County Court Friday.

The county court, in session Friday, selected the petit jury for the February term of circuit court. The following were chosen:

Atchison township—George Johnson.  
Grant—Pres. Curnutt.  
Green—Sam Jones.  
Hopkins—Robert Houston and Felix Brown.  
Hughes—C. C. Trapp.  
Independence—William Killiam and John Hepburn.  
Jackson—James Rhoades and John O'Day.  
Jefferson—Gus King.  
Lincoln—Robert Lamar and George Tibbetts.  
Monroe—W. G. Mast.  
Nodaway—William Miller and Chas. Ferguson.  
Polk—G. P. Bainum, J. C. Carmichael, E. A. Baker and John Neal.  
Union—H. W. Smith.  
Washington—Clarence Manship.  
White Cloud—Ed Cliser and William Hoshor.

## Will Buy Spring Millinery.

Miss Freeman of the Parisian Millinery company will leave Saturday night for a few days' visit with her parents at Columbia. She will then go to the Chicago and St. Louis markets to buy her spring stock of millinery.

Mrs. B. H. Taylor of Buhl, Idaho, who has been the guest of Mrs. Fred Doss, went to Ravenwood Saturday to visit her uncle, I. V. Moore. Mrs. Taylor will visit relatives and friends in Nodaway and Gentry counties for two months.

Miss Minnie Griffith of Creston, Ia., returned home Saturday from a few days' visit with her aunt, Mrs. A. T. Clark, and family.

Will Anderson of Bedford was in Maryville Saturday on business.

## SALOONS WON OUT

MARYVILLE WENT WET IN LOCAL OPTION ELECTION FRIDAY.

## RECORD VOTE WAS POLLED

Fourth Ward, With Its Majority of 155, Decided the Issue, Rest of City Going Dry by 100.

Maryville, by a majority of 55, decided to remain "wet" in the election held Friday, and the local option question can't be submitted here again for four years. The result of the election was quite a surprise to a number of the "dry" workers, who were confident of victory.

The Second and Third wards gave a "dry" majority of 6 and 94 respectively, while the First ward was a tie, and the Fourth ward went "wet" by 155. The total number of votes cast was 1,087, which is probably the largest vote ever polled in a city election held here.

Great interest was taken in the election, which was a fair one. No reports have been made on any violations of the election laws.

The vote by wards follows:

	For.	Against
First ward.....	108	103
Second ward.....	103	109
Third ward.....	71	165
Fourth ward.....	289	134
Totals.....	571	516

The two saloon licenses expire in February, and it is thought that pressure will be brought to bear on the county court by the "drys" to have the court refuse to grant them a license under an opinion given recently by the Kansas City court of appeals.

Many telephone calls were received by The Democrat-Forum from over the county wanting to know how the election went, and the interest over the county was about as great as here in the city over the result.

The Democrat-Forum had the complete returns of the election three minutes after the polls closed and was answering the numerous telephone calls for information. From 6 to 9 o'clock over 200 telephone calls were answered, and from 6:30 to 6:50 fifty calls were answered.

## COUNCIL WAS IN SESSION.

Canvassed Returns of Election—Bert Mack as Night Policeman.

The city council was in regular session Friday evening and canvassed the returns of the local option election held on that day.

Mayor Robey appointed Bert Mack as night policeman to succeed Clyde Avitt, who resigned. The appointment was confirmed by the board. The mayor's appointment is for one month only, and if satisfactory service is given, Mr. Mack will have the job for a year.

The contract between the Electric Light company and the city for six small lights in the alleys in the business districts of the city was approved. The lights will be placed in the alleys as follows: Back of Tate Bros., back of D. R. Eversole & Son, back of the Oak saloon, back of Westfall Bros., back of Jim Andy Ford's barn, and back of the Pierpoint livery barn.

The monthly reports of the city officers were received and accepted. A large number of bills were allowed.

## Left for Jefferson City.

Lieutenant Paul Sisson and Captain E. S. Cook, Lieutenants E. Phipps and Bert Charles left Friday afternoon for Jefferson City to attend the governor's reception Saturday, and also a meeting of the National Guardsmen of the state.

## The Weather

Snow tonight; Sunday generally fair and continued cold.

## DR. FINN

Treats eyes with glasses only. He can give you 5,000 references in Maryville and Nodaway county. Ask your neighbors about Finn's glasses that make weak eyes strong.

W. B. FINN.

## DON'T FORGET

Our store is headquarters for

## School Supplies

Of all kinds, Books, Pens, Pencils, Tablets, anything you need.

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106 South Main St. Maryville, Mo.

## DO YOU NEED GLASSES?

Eyes Tested Free

Glasses Accurately Fitted by expert Optician. Repairs Promptly Executed at CRANE'S.



## The Democrat-Forum

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

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### Largest Circulation in Nodaway County

#### HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Some visitors at the high school this week were Misses Allie Frazier and Marie Reuillard of Maryville, Mary Foster of Chariton, Ia.; Misses Ora Barnmann, Frances Keeler and Martha Koch, students at the Sacred Heart convent at St. Joseph, and Mr. G. B. Holmes, Jr.

The usual drill or parliamentary rules of order was held on Thursday during the assembly hour. The students are becoming quite proficient in this work, and discuss the possible contingencies which are given them with all the eagerness and surety of a professional debater. This drill was the last one to be held during this school year.

The high school basketball team met its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Normal players on Thursday evening. The Normal five, because of their longer practice and the aid of Coach Moore, played excellent team work during the game and succeeded in ending the first half 26 to 6 in their favor. In the second half, however, the high school boys took a brace and played a much improved defensive game, scoring the same number of points as in the first half, while they held their opponents to 9 points, the score for this half being 9 to 6. This is the first defeat the high school has suffered at the hands of the Normal, but some consolation is derived from the fact that two former high school stars helped in no small measure to send their one-time teammates down to defeat. There will probably be but one more game to decide the championship of the city, as the Normal has undoubtedly the stronger team. This game will be played within in the next week or two.

Manager Horton of the high school is negotiating with a Lenox, Ia., representative for two games with the high school team of that town.

The advanced senior class entertained a few members of the beginning senior class with a bobsled party on Thursday evening. The young people met at the public library and spent several hours in making the "rounds" of the town, after which they had supper at Reuillard's. The members of the party were then taken to their various homes, after having spent a most delightful evening. Those present were Misses Anna Bainum, Marjorie Wilfley, Cecile Fisher, Elta Wood, Maye Gowney, Gertrude Mason and Lucile Carter, Messrs. Wood Forcade, Edward Gray, Orlo Quinn, Ova Goff, Fred Hutchinson, Virgil Lyle and Ernest Yeaman.

The freshman class entertained the faculty with a bobsled ride on Thursday evening.

The last week of advanced work for this school year has just closed. There will be one week for review and one week for examination, after which the work of the New Year will commence.

Mrs. U. L. Willson, whose son, Paul Willson, is a high school student, was a visitor on Friday morning at the high school.

Dr. A. T. Fisher was a high school visitor this week.

Mr. Walter Dresh of St. Joseph will enter the high school at the beginning of next semester.

The speakers for "The Blue and the Gray," Prof. W. A. Gardner and Hon. Granville Jones, visited the various societies at the high school Friday afternoon.

#### Left for Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stephenson and little daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Stephenson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lucas, left Saturday for their home in Minneapolis. They have been living in Chicago for some time.

Mrs. C. W. Reidlinger and daughters, Mrs. Thomas Luke and Miss Margaret Reidlinger, of Conception, were shopping in Maryville Saturday.

Miss Nellie Swearingen of Bedison returned home Saturday from a few days' visit with Miss Ada Clayton and Miss Helen Purcell.

#### For Sale

At a bargain, good sawmill, Russell make; has double saw; in first class shape. If you want a snap write me at once. A. P. BOLIN, Arkoe, Mo.

#### JAMES B. GARNER DEAD.

#### Old Settler of Nodaway County Passed Away at Home of Daughter Saturday Morning.

James B. Garner, a well known old resident of this country, died at 10 o'clock Saturday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. S. Angell, corner of Fourth and Buchanan streets.

The time for the funeral services has not yet been decided, as word from West Virginia friends and relatives in the west is being waited for.

Mr. Garner had been in failing health for a year or more, but he had been in a precarious condition for two or three months. He was about 72 years old. He had been a resident of this country for many years, and formerly lived on a farm southwest of Maryville, retiring from the work and moving to Maryville about twenty years ago.

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. D. S. Angell, with whom he has lived since the death of his wife, a year ago last summer.

#### THIS HAPPENED IN MISSOURI

Editor Mixed a Wedding Announcement and the Advertisement of an Auction Sale.

A Missouri editor who was brimful of hard cider got a wedding account and a sale mixed, and served to his readers this dope:

William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, was disposed at auction to Lucy Anderson on my farm, one mile east of here in the presence of 70 guests, including the following, to-wit: Two mules, 12 head of cattle. The Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial, the least weighing 1,250 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was tastefully decorated with a seawash calf, a spade, a sulky rake, one feed grinder, one set double harness, almost new, and just before the ceremony was pronounced. Mendelssohn's wedding march was played by one milch cow, five years; one Jersey cow, to be fresh next April, carrying a bunch of flowers in her hand and looking charming in a gown made of light spring wagon, two boxes of apples, two racks of hay, one grindstone, mousetrap deori trimmed with about 180 bushels of spuds. The groom is well known and popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of 12 Berkshire hogs, while the bride is an accomplished and talented school teacher of a splendid drove of Poland-China—pedigrees if desired. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of knives and forks, one spring harrow, one wheelbarrow, one go-cart, other articles too numerous to mention. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip, term of 12 months time, extended to responsible parties, otherwise spot cash luncheon will be served at the table. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to housekeeping in a cozy home at the corner of Main and Doctor R. L. Granby, auctioneer.—National Monthly.

#### MUSIC LESSONS OFTEN LOST

Writer Thinks Children Should Have Easier Tasks and Shorter Hours of Practice.

The musical education of the child, we must remember, is, in nine cases out of ten, a plus quantity—something in addition to an already complete course of study laid out by that exacting and often heartless person known as the educator. It invades the play hour, makes it by no means small exactions upon the already tried brain, and often proves more destructive of the central gray matter and more wearing to the nerves than all the rest of the child's curriculum put together. Think of the poor tortured little spine and the dangling legs on the high piano stool for an hour at a stretch! What a nervous strain and worry! What a drop in a note here and there, as grandma drops a stitch, and be obliged to go back again and again to struggle with the passage until time, fingering, reading and all the technique of execution are pronounced satisfactory!

With less exacting music and shorter hours of practice, I have no doubt that quite as much progress would be made by most children in the long run. Nothing is gained by exhausting nervous energy and wearing out both brain and body. Unless a child has extraordinary aptitude and an inalienable love for music, "too much of a good thing" will simply disgust him or her with the entire study.

#### Motor Maps.

In countries like France, where roads are good and cross roads numerous, travelers by automobile have frequent occasion to consult road maps, because they go so fast and change direction so often that topographical information is, for them, a continual necessity.

To meet this there has been invented an automatic chart that unrolls in step with the advance of the carriage, so that the chauffeur has always before him a map of the route he is to pursue. When the road is about to turn sharply an electric bell gives warning 300 meters in advance. Another attachment to the chart registers the distance traversed. The whole apparatus is moved by gearing connected with the wheels of the automobile.

## LOST HIS CLOTHES

THE STORY OF HOW A PROMINENT LITERARY MAN GOT HOME.

### A NEW STORY ON HOMER

It Came Out at Reunion of Nodaway County Colony in New York Was Not Intended for Publication.

(Special Correspondence.)

From a conversation conducted in the privacy of the parlor of a New York apartment house your correspondent has learned that somewhere along the flat banks of the willow-fringed White Cloud, to the west and north of Maryville, two suits of clothes are presumed to be flapping in the breezes from the tops of the shumac bushes.

This bit of information is presumed to escape publication, but it leaked out—just overflowed in a forgetful moment—when fellow Missourians, Maryvillians, were gathered together as they were accustomed to doing in the by-gone days.

It was an afternoon of reminiscences at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Duncan, of which Bobby Duncan performed an interesting part, talking of his famous grandfather and his big horses while he played with his tin cars and building blocks. Mrs. A. G. Leake, doing post-graduate work at Columbia university, sat in the big rocker over by the sectional bookcases just merely through force of habit. Prof. Albert Hogan of the Missouri university sat very dignified near the big window and took furtive peeps at the tall buildings across the street. Homer Croy, with a twinkling eye, and C. J. Colden, smiling kitchen-ward, sat near the opening leading into the dining room, guarded vigilantly by Mrs. Roscoe Duncan, formerly a Chicago girl, but in New York famous as a superlative cuisine artist. Her talents are much appreciated by the Nodaway colony. Roscoe Duncan added a few smiles and an occasional puff acquired in his Missouri cob pipe days, from the Morris chair near the victrola, and Bobby sat squarely in the center of the stage on an Oriental rug.

There is quite a preface to that story of the missing clothes.

The conversation began on Maryville from the first jump. All were so-felicitous as to the health of Mrs. Dr. Anthony, and rejoiced to know of her improvement. The doctor himself was not forgotten, and many compliments were heard of his achievements.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Gromer did not arrive as was expected, and a telephone call furnished the information that he is again in the hospital suffering from a relapse of the pneumonia. He was temporarily obliged to give up his duties as treasurer of Porto Rico because of pneumonia, and came to

New York City for treatment. He is much better now. He may not return to the West Indies because of the climate; he is considering the presidency of a Pacific coast university. He is at present a professor of the Missouri university with a leave of absence, but has outgrown the place, and something much better will be required to keep him in Missouri.

Then Roscoe Duncan took the floor. "Bert"—he didn't say Prof. Hogan—"do you remember the time we went duck hunting with a rifle?" We learned that there was a large flock of birds; with breathless stealth the hunters crawled within two rods of the unsuspecting game; then the question arose as to which was the better shot. There were two ardent candidates for the honors. Each had an enthusiastic advocate. Hogan won. Hogan carried the gun; therefore Hogan won. Duncan watched Hogan take deadly aim. Hogan fired, but has never redeemed his reputation as a good shot in Duncan's eyes. Hogan had the fun of shooting, but Duncan's fun has lasted from that day until this.

The Maryville boys were discussed who are making good. It was the unanimous opinion that it would be a big mistake for Forrest Donnell of St. Louis and Jesse Anderson of Kansas City to run for governor at the same time, because they have so many mutual friends who desire to vote for both.

Dr. Joseph Carter, assistant in the Frauen Klinik in Vienna, Austria, one of the renowned medical universities of the world, and his wife, formerly Artie May Mason, now studying piano under the famous Leschetzky, were remembered with kindly wishes.

The older boys were not forgotten. The opinion was rendered without a dissenting voice that in the associations of after life no one present ever made such an impression of gravity, dignity and learning as did Prof. B. F. Duncan in the school room days. It was recalled, too, that Oliver Bovard was not expert in fractions, and that when Prof. Bovard was not looking the other boys gave him hearty assistance by bumping his head against the blackboard.

Does any one know who found those two suits of clothes on the banks of the White Cloud? Are the fragments out there yet?

Before any one could answer Prof. Hogan declared this to be his birthday anniversary, and insisted that all must accompany him to 6 o'clock dinner. Before the mystery of the disappearing clothes is told, it must be stated that Prof. Hogan's birthday dinner was a fitting ending of a most pleasant afternoon.

"Homer, do you feel like other folks since you have been written up in 'Who's Who in America?'" said Duncan to Croy.

"Croy, do you really enjoy sitting around the Salamagundi club looking wise and aristocratic and literary like the balance of that bunch?" asked another.

It was simply modesty that caused Croy to squirm around and look to-

ward the door. His literary recognition, the honors thrust upon him have come so rapidly, he is sometimes confused by admiring friends. So just to divert attention from himself he related a boyhood incident that has escaped the columns of public print.

"Hogan," said Croy, "do you remember the time we went swimming in White Cloud? We hung our clothes in the bushes and dashed into the nearest pool; then we went down stream to a larger one. The farther we went the more enticing the pools. We stayed out longer than we thought and wandered a long ways from the starting point. We couldn't find those clothes. We—just—h-a-d—well, we just couldn't find them."

"How did you get home?" inquired an attentive lady listener.

Contracting his brows, slapping his knee, jumping to his feet, Croy announced as he went out the door to ward the coat rack, "Excuse me, I've got an appointment right this minute forty blocks away."

#### Moved to New Place.

Mason & Wilderman have moved their automobile garage from the east side of the square to the old Prather barn, on North Main street, which is being remodeled. Gabe Allen has also moved his feed store to the Dave Phillips building, south of the Phares lumber yard.

Mrs. Z. A. Ashmore of Villisca, Ia., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Saunders, since Mr. Saunders' death, seven weeks ago, went to Bedford, Ia., Saturday to visit another daughter, Mrs. Eva Ulrich.

Miss Clarice Hartman left Saturday for her school work in Hot Springs, Idaho, after a two weeks' vacation visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hartman.

Miss Edith Jones of Pickering visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Montgomery, Friday and Saturday.

Miss Ethel Wyatt, a State Normal student, went to her home, near Arkoe, Saturday morning to visit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Job of Clarinda, Ia., are the guests of Mr. Job's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Job, for a few days' visit.

I want to buy 200 to 400 bushels of snap corn at once. R. P. Hosmer 4-6

#### Two Wealthy Cities.

Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam eminence as being the wealthiest city in the world per capita. There is an immense investment fund in this city garnered through centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centered here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being assisted in their operations by such houses as Mendelssohns and Bleichroeders in Berlin and the Oppenheims in Hanover.

## Today's Markets

### LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

#### CHICAGO.

Cattle—600. Market steady. Estimate tomorrow, 26,000.  
Hogs—11,000. Market steady; top, \$6.39. Estimate tomorrow, 36,000.  
Sheep—1,500.

#### KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—1,000. Market steady.  
Hogs—1,500. Market steady; top, \$6.20.

Sheep—None.

#### ST. JOSEPH.

Cattle—600.  
Hogs—5,000. Top, \$6.20.  
Sheep—None.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Mrs. Paul Cook is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Garrett and family of Blanchard, Ia., accompanying Mrs. Garrett home Thursday morning from a visit here since Thanksgiving.

#### DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR.

**A Few Applications of Simple Remedy Restores the Natural Color.**

"Pull out one gray hair and a dozen will take its place" is an old saying, which is, to a great extent, true, if no steps are taken to stop the cause. When gray hairs appear it is a sign that nature needs assistance. It is nature's call for help. Gray hair, dull, lifeless hair, or hair that is falling out, is not necessarily a sign of advancing age, for there are thousands of elderly people with perfect heads of hair without a single streak of gray.

When gray hairs come, or when the hair seems to be lifeless or dead, some good, reliable hair restoring treatment should be resorted to at once. Specialists say that one of the best preparations to use is the old-fashioned "sage tea" which our grandparents used. The best preparation of this kind is Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy, a preparation of domestic sage and sulphur, scientifically compounded with later discovered hair tonics and stimulants, the whole mixture being carefully balanced and tested by experts.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is clean and wholesome and perfectly harmless. It refreshes dry, parched hair, removes dandruff and gradually restores faded or gray hair to its natural color.

Don't delay another minute. Start using Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur at once and see what a difference a few days' treatment will make in your hair.

This preparation is offered to the public at fifty cents a bottle, and is recommended and sold by all druggists. Special agents, Koch Pharmacy.



# The FLYING MERCURY

By  
**Eleanor M. Ingram**

Author of  
"The Game and the Candle"  
Illustrations By  
**RAY WALTERS**

(Copyright, 1911, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)  
(Continued from yesterday's Daily.)

## CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the French limousine crept into the Beach enclosure.

"We're here," said Bailey, to his traveling companions. "You can't park the car in front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grand-stand seats."

Mr. French got out in silence and assisted Emily to descend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veil.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.

"Number seven all right?" he asked.

"On the track, Lestrangle driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey led their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanician rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrangle

around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasoline-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrangle holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrangle with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned.

Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that heap of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and



"Here Goes Another."

sent its driver and mechanician to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrangle isn't fit and makes a miscue we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"No!" Emily cried piteously.

Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologized.

"Don't go off; Lestrangle swears he feels fine and gibes at me for worrying. Don't look like that."

"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. French stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."

Stunned, his nephew stared at him.

"Withdraw!"

"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrangle that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."

"Richard!"

His round face ablaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrangle when he's winning—I won't do it. I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocrat of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confounded with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Ethan French opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I?" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe—"

Her voice died out as Lestrangle's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrangle.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said.

"Uncle, what David wants?"

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause.

"I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on, for David French was wiped out to make Darling Lestrangle."

Having left the decision to Emily, it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish.

When Lestrangle came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."

"Emily?" echoed Lestrangle, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; it's glued fast," Rupert confided, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."

So resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrangle wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight."

"DAVID!" Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone, Lestrangle's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden, the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look!"

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grand-stand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed rosily, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends now."

Dick went back.

The hours passed. One more car went out of the race under the grinding test; there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, tolerating his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot toward afternoon, a heat rather of July than June. After a visit to his camp Lestrangle reappeared without the suf-

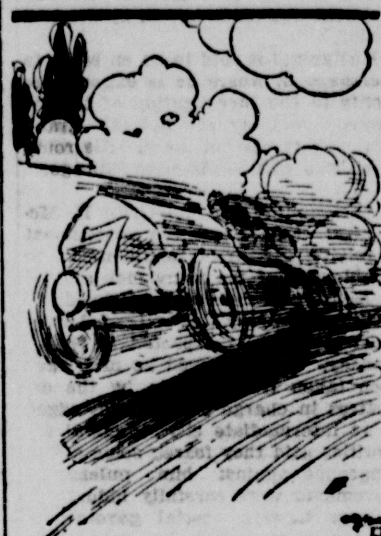
focating mask and cap, driving bare-headed, with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dust and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimson badge on his right arm and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for nineteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of connoisseurs—motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers—they knew what was being done before them. The word passed that Lestrangle was in his twentieth hour; people climbed on seats to cheer him as he passed by. When one of his tires blew out, in the opening of the first hour of his driving and the twenty-fourth of the race, the great shout of sympathy and encouragement that went up shook the grand-stand to its cement foundations.

Neither Lestrangle nor Rupert left his seat while that tire was changed.

"If we did I ain't sure we'd get back," Rupert explained to Dick, who



Reappeared Without the Suffocating Mask and Cap.

hovered around them agitatedly. "If I'd thought Darling's mechanician would get in for this, I'd have taken in sewing for a living. How much longer?"

"Half an hour."

"Well, watch us finish."

A renewed burst of applause greeted the Mercury car's return to the track. Men were standing watch in hand to count the last moments, their eyes on the bulletin board where the reeled-off miles were being registered. Two of the other machines were fighting desperately for second place, hopeless of rivaling Lestrangle, and after them sped the rest.

"The finish!" some one suddenly called. "The last lap!"

Dick was hanging over the paddock fence when the car shot by amidst braying, klaxons, motor horns, cheers, and the clashing music of the band. Frantic, the people hailed Lestrangle as the black and white checked flag dropped before him in proclamation of his victory and the ended race.

Rupert raised his arms above his head in the signal of acknowledgment, as they flew across the line and swept on to complete the circle to their camp. Lestrangle slackened speed to take the dangerous, deeply furrowed turn for the last time, his car poised for the curving flight under his guidance—then the watching hundreds saw the driver's hands slip from the steering-wheel as he reached for the brake. Straight across the track the machine dashed, instead of following the bend, crashed through the barrier, and rolled over on its side in the green meadow grass.

"The steering-knuckle!" Bailey groaned, as the place burst into uproar around them. "The wheel—I saw it turn uselessly in his hands!"

"They're up!" cried a dozen voices. "No, one's up and one's under." "Who's caught in the wreck—Lestrangle or his man?"

But before the people who surged over the track, breaking all restraint, before the electric ambulance, Dick French reached the marred thing that had been the Mercury car. It was Lestrangle who had painfully struggled to one knee beside the machine, fighting hard for breath to speak.

"Take the car off Rupert," he panted, at Dick's cry of relief on seeing him. "I'm all right—take the car off Rupert."

The next instant they were surrounded, overwhelmed with eager aid. The ambulance came up and a surgeon precipitated himself toward Lestrangle.

"Stand back," the surgeon commanded generally. "Are you trying to smother him? Stand back!"

But it was he who halted before a gesture from Lestrangle, who leaned on Dick and a comrade from the camp.

"Go over there, to Rupert."

"You first—"

"No."

There was nothing to do except yield. Shrugging his shoulders, the surgeon paused the necessary moment. A moment only; there was no protest, but he himself never left scattering of the hushed workers, a metallic crash.

From the space the car had covered a small figure uncoiled, lizard-like, and staggered unsteadily erect. "Where's Darling Lestrangle?" was

hurled viciously across the silence. "Gee, you're a slow bunch of workers! Where's Lestrangle?"

The tumult that broke loose swept all to confusion. And after all it was Lestrangle who was put in the surgeon's care, while Rupert rode back to the camp on the driver's seat of the ambulance.

"Tell Emily I'll come over to her as soon as I'm fit to look at," was the message Lestrangle gave Dick. "And when you go back to the factory, have your steering-knuckles strengthened."

Dick exceeded his commission by transmitting the speech entire; repeating the first part to Emily with all affectionate solicitude, and flinging the second cutting at his uncle and Bailey.

"The doctors say he ought to be in bed, but he won't go," he concluded. "No, you can't see him until they get through patching him up at the hospital tent; they put every one out except Rupert. He hasn't a scratch, after having a ninety Mercury on top of him. You're to come over to our camp, Emily, and wait for Lestrangle. I suppose everybody had better come."

It was a curious and an elevating thing to see Dickie assume command of his family, but no one demurred. An official, recognizing in him Lestrangle's manager, cleared a way for the party through the noisy press of departing people and automobiles.

The sunset had long faded, night had settled over the motordrome and the electric lamps had been lit in the tents, before there came a stir and murmur in the Mercury camp.

"Don't skid, the ground's wet," cautioned a voice outside the door. "Steady!"

Emily started up, Dick sprang to open the canvas, and Lestrangle crossed the threshold. Lestrangle, colorless, his right arm in a sling, his left wound with linen from wrist to elbow, and bearing a heavy purple bruise above his temple, but with the brightness of victory flashing above all weariness like a dancing flame.

"Sweetheart!" he laughed, as Emily ran to meet him, heedless of all things except that he stood within touch once more. "My dear, I told them not to frighten you. Why, Emily—"

For as he put his one available arm about her, she hid her wet eyes on his shoulder.

"I am so happy," she explained breathlessly. "It is only that."

"You should not have been here at all, my dear. But it is good to see you. Who brought you? Bailey?" catching sight of the man beside Dick. "Good, I wanted some one to help me; Rupert and I have got to find a hotel and we're not very active."

Emily would have slipped away from the clasp, scarlet with returning recollection, but Lestrangle detained her to meet his shining eyes.

"The race is over," he reminded, for her ears alone. "I'm going to keep you, if you'll stay."

He turned to take a limping step, offering his hand cordially to the speechless Bailey, and faced for the first time the other man present.

"I think," said Ethan French, "that there need be no question of hotels. We have not understood each other, but you have the right to Frenchwood's hospitality. If you can travel, we will go there."

"No," answered David French, as quietly. "Never. You owe me nothing, sir. If I have worked in your factory, I took the workman's wages for it; if I have won honors for your car, I also won the prize-money given to the driver. I never meant so to establish any claim upon Frenchwood or you. I believe we stand even. Dick has taken my place, happily; Emily and I will go on our own road."

They looked at each other, the likeness between them most apparent, in the similar determination of mood which wiped laughter and warmth from the younger man's face. However coldly phrased and dictatorially spoken, it was an apology which Mr. French had offered and which had been declined. But—he had watched



"I Am So Happy."

Lestrangle all day; he did not lift the gauntlet.

"You are perfectly free," he conceded, "which gives you the opportunity of being generous."

His son moved, flushing through his pallor.

"I wish you would not put it that way, sir," he objected.

"There is no other way. I have been wrong and I have no control over you; will you come home?"

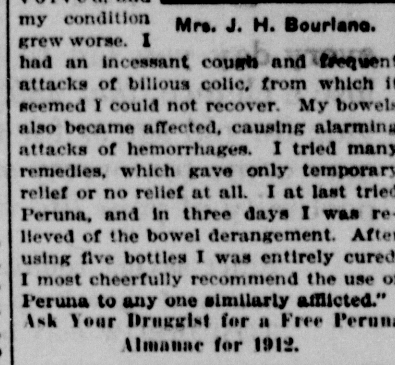
There was no other argument but that that could have succeeded, and the three who knew Lestrangle knew that could not fail.

## SUFFERED 23 YEARS

Constant Sufferer From Chronic Catarrh Relieved by Peruna.

Mrs. J. H. Bourland, San Saba, Texas, writes:

"For twenty-three years I was a constant sufferer from chronic catarrh. I had a severe misery and burning in the top of my head. There was almost a continual dropping of mucus into my throat, which caused frequent expectoration. My entire system gradually became involved, and my condition grew worse. I had an incessant cough and frequent attacks of bilious colic, from which it seemed I could not recover. My bowels also became affected, causing alarming attacks of hemorrhages. I tried many remedies, which gave only temporary relief or no relief at all. I at last tried Peruna, and in three days I was relieved of the bowel derangement. After using five bottles I was entirely cured. I most cheerfully recommend the use of Peruna to any one similarly afflicted. Ask Your Druggist for a Free Peruna Almanac for 1912."



Mrs. J. H. Bourland.

"You want me because I am a French," David rebelled in the final protest. "You have a substitute. Perhaps I want you otherwise. And we will not speak in passion; there can be no substitute for you."

"French and French," murmured Dick coaxingly. "We can run that factory, Lestrangle!"

"There's more than steering-knuckles needing your eye on them. And you love the place, Mr. David," said Bailey from his corner.

From one to the other David's glance went, to rest on Emily's delicate, earnest face in its setting of yellow-bronze curls. Full and straight her dark eyes answered his, the convent-bred Emily's answer to his pride and old resentment and new reluctance to yield his liberty.

"After all, you were born a French," she reminded, her soft accents just audible. "If that is your work?"

Very slowly David turned to his father.

"I never learned to do things by halves," he said. "If you want me, sir—"

And Ethan French understood, and first offered his hand.

Rupert was discovered asleep in a camp-chair outside the tent, a few minutes later, when Dick went in search of him.

"The limousine's waiting," his awaker informed him. "You don't feel bad, do you?" The mechanician rose cautiously, wincing.

"Well, if every joint in my chassis wasn't sore, I'd feel better," he admitted grimly. "But I'm still running. What did you kiss me awake for, when I need my sleeps?"

"Did you suppose we could get Lestrangle home without you, Jack Rupert?"

"I ain't supposing you could. I'm ready."

The rest of the party were already in the big car, with one exception.

"Take a last look, Rupert," bade David, as he stood in the dark paddock. "We're retired; come help me get used to it."

Rupert passed a glance over the deserted track.

"I guess my sentiment-tank has given out," he sweetly acknowledged. "The Mercury factory sounds pretty good to me, Darling. And I guess we can make a joy ride out of living, on any track, if we enter for it."

"I guess we can," laughed David French. "Get in opposite Emily. We're going home to try."

THE END.

A Hero in a Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a lighthouse keeper, averted awful wrecks, but a queer fact is, he might have been a wreck himself if Electric Bitters had not prevented. "They cured me of kidney trouble and chills," he writes, "after I had taken other so-called cures for years, without benefit, and they also improved my sight. Now, at 70, I am feeling fine." For dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, they're without equal. Try them. Only 50 cents, at the Orca-Henry Drug Co.

Empire Theater.

Next Monday night, January 8th, the famous Charles Breckenridge Stock company will commence a week's engagement at the Empire theater. Popular prices, 10, 20 and 30 cents, will be charged. Ladies free Monday night if accompanied by a paid 30-cent ticket. Must be purchased before 6 o'clock p. m. Monday.

## EMPIRE THEATRE

ONE WEEK COMMENCING

### Monday, January 8th

THE FAMOUS

## CHARLES BRECKENRIDGE

STOCK COMPANY

In a Repertoire of New Plays. Refined Vaudeville Between Acts

OPENING PLAY

### "For Humanity's Sake"

Popular Prices 10, 20 and 30 Cents.

Ladies Free Monday Night

If accompanied by a paid 30 cent ticket. Must be purchased before 6 o'clock p. m. Monday.

Seats on Sale at Reuillard's Friday, January 5th.

## FRESH GROUND BONE MEAL

3 Cents a Pound

We can supply you with all you want for your chickens. Make the hens lay.

**A. VANDERSLOOT, City Meat Market**

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# Watch the sand of time keep running on



---and remember that

every day you fail to save something you lose a chance, *that will never return*, to provide for old age or for that misfortune that may come tomorrow or for seizing that opportunity of your life when it turns up.

Start saving today. Remember the sands of time keep running on and TOMORROW may be too late.

## NODAWAY VALLEY BANK

MARYVILLE, MISSOURI

CAPITAL \$100,000.00  
SURPLUS \$22,000.00

Miss Florence Shrubshell went to Shenandoah, Ia., Saturday to visit over Sunday.

**CHICHESTER'S PILLS**  
The English language contains approximately 600,000 words, about one-half consisting of scientific terminology rarely encountered outside of text books and archaic, obsolescent, or obsolete terms. A careful study of 100,000 words by authorities showed that 60,000 were of Teutonic derivation, 30,000 of Greek or Latin origin, and 10,000 from other foreign sources.

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**The World's Languages.**  
According to the authorities on languages, there are approximately 3,424 spoken languages or dialects in the world. They are distributed thus: America, 1,624; Asia, 937; Europe, 587; Africa, 276.

The English language contains approximately 600,000 words, about one-half consisting of scientific terminology rarely encountered outside of text books and archaic, obsolescent, or obsolete terms. A careful study of 100,000 words by authorities showed that 60,000 were of Teutonic derivation, 30,000 of Greek or Latin origin, and 10,000 from other foreign sources.

**MARYVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE**  
CAPT. E. S. COOK, PRES.  
MARYVILLE, MO.

300 a year. Enter now. Splendidly equipped. Book keeping, Short hand, Typewriting. Sixth year. Unquestionably "your" school. Catalogue free

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Liquors,

Wines,

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Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

## Waukesha

# "Club House"

THE BEER OF QUALITY

## Adolph Lippman

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## M'MANIGAL TO INDIANAPOLIS

Dynamite Informant is Traveling Under Heavy Guard.

GOVERNMENT FEARS VIOLENCE

Special Prosecutor Explains Secrecy of Move by Remark, "All Sluggers Are Not Yet Dead or Caught."

El Paso, Tex., Jan. 5.—Under the guardianship of two detectives and securely locked in the state room of a sleeping car attached to the Golden State Limited Southern Pacific train, Ortie E. McManigal arrived here. His car was transferred to an El Paso & Southwestern-Rock Island train and in a few minutes was flying North.

No one was permitted to see McManigal. The fact that he was on the train was made known by the conductor.

McManigal is said to be en route to Indianapolis, where he is expected to testify in the investigation of the dynamite cases by the federal grand jury now in session there. His route from here will be direct to Chicago.

Indianapolis, Jan. 5.—Ortie E. McManigal, upon whom the government is relying for direct testimony as to the identity of the many men alleged to have been concerned in the dynamite conspiracy that extended from coast to coast, is expected to testify Monday. It is believed he may have been taken from a train by the detectives in charge of him and lodged in an intermediate city. Federal authorities said they feared some act of vengeance against him unless his movements were carefully hidden.

Oscar Lawler, special government prosecutor remarked in connection with the secrecy surrounding McManigal's journey, "all the sluggers are not yet dead or caught."

Before the grand jury appeared a half dozen witnesses, most of whom are said to know the details of the explosions at Peoria, Ill., in the fall of 1910. They also were believed to be able to tell of the identity of persons who Ortie E. McManigal says directed him to the points where dynamite was to be placed.

The framework alone of the government's case, it was said has thus far been laid and within two or three days from the office of District Attorney John D. Fredericks of Los Angeles county, Cal., will be brought evidence concerning nearly 100 of the explosions charged to the iron workers' union.

Mr. Fredericks will not testify before the grand jury himself, but will leave the work to some of his assistants. He will leave here immediately with his wife on a pleasure trip through the East.

ACQUITTED OF MURDER CHARGE

Muskogee Business Man One of Six Accused of Killing Indian Children.

Muskogee, Ok., Jan. 5.—The trial of the third of six persons charged with killing two children by dynamite to get possession of oil land valued at \$250,000, ended when F. L. Martin, a business man here, was acquitted.

Martin, John Combs, a wealthy oil operator, and William Irwin, a business man, with three negroes, were indicted in connection with the death of the children. Irwin was convicted a few days ago and sentenced to life imprisonment. One of the negroes pleaded guilty and was given a like sentence. Combs will be tried next week, and the trial of the two negroes will follow.

Old Packing Plant Burns.

St. Joseph, Jan. 5.—The Union Rendering Works, a part of the Swift & Company packing plant here, was damaged by a fire of unknown origin. The loss will approximate \$12,000. The loss sustained was greater than it would have been had the burning building been in the fire district. It is just outside of the city limits and the Swift fire district. Consequently all water had to be brought such a distance that at the scene of the conflagration the pressure was too light to be effective.

Unions to Contribute.

Muscataine, Ia., Jan. 5.—An effort will be made to raise a \$25,000 defense fund to be used in the case of Emmett Flood of Chicago, national organizer of the American Federation of Labor, and O. C. Wilson, business agent of the button workers' union and Socialist member of the city council under arrest here for throwing acid bombs, according to an announcement by labor officials here.

Woman Burned to Death.

Texarkana, Ark., Jan. 5.—Mrs. G. W. Yarbber was burned to death at her home, eight miles from this city. Her clothes were ignited while she was burning grass. She was 60 years old.

Fire in Oklahoma Town.

Chattanooga, Ok., Jan. 5.—Fire which started in the Lindley drug store did \$10,000 damage. The drug store, a vacant building adjoining and the Chattanooga State bank and the telephone exchange were destroyed.

DIDN'T NEED TO SWEAR OFF

It Was Really a Monkey the Ohio Man Saw in His Hotel Bed.

The story of the monkey that was discovered in the bed of a visitor at the Waldorf a few nights ago struck a responsive chord in the recollection of an Ohio man who once came to New York for a week of rest and recreation.

The day he landed he got into a poker game and for seven days he stuck at it, the game being punctuated as many poker games are. On the last day he started in to play at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He quit at 11:20, cleaned out.

Going upstairs in his hotel and opening the door, he noticed his valise sitting on the floor and decided he would get a clean handkerchief out of it and sit down and think it over. As he stooped over his glance fell upon the bed. From the spot where his head might have been two beady green eyes in a hairy little face gleamed at him.

According to the Ohioan's account he made not a single exclamation. He simply closed the valise, turned out the light and shut the door from the outside. He went downstairs, took two or three turns about the lobby, gave it up, called for a cab and spent the night driving about, first to one place and then to another. Daylight found him still going about, and he did not revisit the hotel until late in the afternoon, when he went up to the room clerk to apologize.

While standing there he heard somebody say, "Well, they found that monkey after all."

"Good Lord, I am saved," shouted the Ohio man, to the astonishment of the clerk. "Then it was a monkey after all, and there is no need of my swearing off."

WHAT HE HAD IN THE CHEST

All Was Made Clear When the Man Carrying It Got Off the Train.

Man in an elevated car with a small chest about twice as big as the box in which a carpenter carries a selected lot of tools around with him on his shoulder. A row of augur holes bored in the end of his chest and a handle on top by which to carry it.

There were only three or four people in the car and this man with the chest sat away down at one end, and with that chest on the floor in front he would about once in so often raise its lid just a little, but you couldn't see in.

In due course of time the train arrived at the station where the man was to get off, and then he hooked the lid of that chest down and took it by the handle and walked out in the most matter of fact manner possible, but when he had got about ten feet away from the foot of the steps he set the chest down and unhooked the hooks and threw back the lid and out hopped two small, white, shaggy, odd-looking but intelligent dogs. They wagged their tails with evident pleasure at getting their feet on the ground once more and out in the open air.

The man hooked the lid of the chest down again and picked it up by its handle and then with the two dogs trotting beside him, each on a leash held in the other hand, he started on for where he was going.

Promised Not to Respank His Wife.

William Novalous of Ashley, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., pleaded guilty to spanking his wife because she was extravagant, and Alderman Ricketts of this city, who heard his story, discharged him.

He had been arrested by his wife and was not backward about admitting that he had beaten her. "I give her a sum of money each month to run the house," he explained, "and when I found that she had spent considerable of this money for other things I was angry and took my razor strap and spanked her."

As he promised not to take such extreme measures next time, and as Mrs. Novalous appeared none the worse for the spanking, Alderman Ricketts discharged him.

Dominoes First Played by Monks.

The game of dominoes was the invention of two French monks. In the beginning they found amusement by playing at a primitive form of it with small flat stones they had marked with spots to designate them. When a game was finished the winner was wont to declare his victory by reciting the first line of the vespers service—"Dixit Dominus Domino meo." Before long all of the monks in the monastery found recreation in the game, and presently the vespers line was cut down, for brevity's sake, to the one word "Domino," thus furnishing the name which has clung to the game ever since.

Musical Auto.

One of the latest fads of the motorist is the musical automobile. At tached to the side of the car is a sort of pipe organ callopo arrangement. The wind pressure to operate the pipes is supplied with power from the engine. There are ten pipes, giving the "player" a range of an octave with two "half notes" included. The stops are operated from the rear seat of the car, by means of wires running to a miniature keyboard attached to the back of the front seat. The instrument can be used for the double purpose of amusement and as a warning to pedestrians.

## HER FRIEND'S GOOD ADVICE

The Results Made This Newburg Lady Glad She Followed Suggestion.

Newburg, Ala.—"For more than a year," writes Myrtle Cothurn, of this place, "I suffered with terrible pains in my back and head. I had a sallow complexion, and my face was covered with pimples. Our family doctor only gave me temporary relief."

A friend of mine advised me to try Cardui, so I began taking it, at once, and with the best results, for I was cured after taking two bottles. My mother and my aunt have also used Cardui and were greatly benefited. I shall always praise Cardui to sick and suffering women."

Cardui is a purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, tonic remedy for women, and will benefit young and old. Its ingredients are mild herbs, having a gentle, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui has helped a million women back to health and strength. Have you tried it? If not, please do. It may be just what you need.

N. B.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

JANUARY 6, 1912.

50--Good for 50 Votes--50

Cut out this coupon and present at our store and we will give you credit for 50 votes.

Good for 50 Votes

(This coupon is printed in both the Democrat Forum and Tribune daily papers).

Not good after Thursday, January

# 18

*Raines Brothers*

100 West Third St.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS  
Ladies' Band, Orchestra, Mandolin Club—any combination.  
ALMA M. NASH,  
202 West Second street,  
Maryville, Mo.

## Beautiful Cut Flowers

Choice fresh carnations 75c per doz. Roses \$1.50 per doz. Shorter stemmed and second size carnations and roses at lower prices according to quality. Narcissus 60c per doz. Violets \$1.50 per 100. Sweet Peas 25c per doz. No extra charge for fern greens with flowers.

ENGELMANN GREENHOUSES,  
1201 South Main Street,  
Hanamo 17-18, Bell 126.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Reed returned to their home in Platte county Saturday morning, after a visit with Mrs. Reed's aunt, Mrs. E. W. Ford, and her husband.

Frightful Polar Winds

Blow with terrific force at the far north and play havoc with the skin, causing red, rough or sore chapped hands and lips, that need Bucklen's Arnica Salve to heal them. Unrivaled for cold sores, also burns, boils, sores, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. Only 25 cents at the Orear-Henry Drug Co.

\$3.50 RECIPE FREE, FOR WEAK MEN.

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY—YOU CAN HAVE IT FREE AND BE STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, falling memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop dragging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: "Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3759 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free."

## WANTS

Advertisements are inserted in this column at the rate of three lines (18 words) three days for 25 cents. For ads larger than three lines one cent extra will be charged for each word in excess of 18. Cash must accompany order for these small amounts.

FOR SALE—Large fireproof safe, cheap. Charles Hyslop. 10-1f

\$1,500 TO LOAN—Abstracts of title, loans and insurance. R. L. McDougal.

"For Sale," "For Rent" and "Rooms for Rent" cards at this office, only 10 cents each.

FOR SALE—Cord wood, delivered if preferred. Arthur A. Wiley, Farmers phone 1-2. 6-12

FOR RENT—7-room house, two blocks from square. Inquire Democrat-Forum. 20-1f

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels. Mrs. Clinton Davis, Maryville, Mo., R. D. 5. 4-18

FOR SALE—Good milch cow with young calf; part Jersey. H. R. Conway, Roseberry building. 5-8

Mrs. W. B. Gex has several R. C. R. I. Reds for sale at \$1 each if taken soon; good ones. Farmers phone, Maryville 10-21. Graham central call residence. 29-11

INSURE with Hyslop. Fire tornado (farm or city), plate glass, automobile liability, accident or damage health. Contract and court bonds promptly executed.

WANTED—To buy five tons of old rags, also all kinds of old metals and rubber. Call or phone us and we will call and get them. Anthony's second-hand store, 207 West Third street. Phone, Hanamo 258 Red.

SEED CORN FOR SALE—The supply of good seed corn is short and it ought to be sold at \$3.00 or \$4.00 per bushel, but I am going to stick to the same old price of \$2.00 and \$2.25 per bushel. I haven't much, but what I have is good. Cornplanter or Boone County White and Ried's Yellow Dent until March 1st. M. C. Thompson, Burlington Junction, Mo.

BUSINESS CARDS

J. L. FISHER

Repairing Guns, Bicycles, Gas Engines and Automobiles.

obey's Garage, 115 West Fourth St.

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PLUMBING AND HEATING.

We Never Sleep.

Hanamo 46, Bell 314. Maryville, Mo.

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Insurance and Real Estate  
North side. Phone 22 Hanamo.

THE "UNIQUE"

First class clothes cleaning and repairing shop. Phones, Hanamo 402, 115 1/2 South Main.

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We solicit Your Business.

All phones. Maryville, Mo.

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Job work promptly attended to. All building estimates cheerfully given. 301 North Mulberry St. Hanamo phone 449 Red.

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Specialist.

Practice limited to diseases Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, and general consultation. All phones. Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.

K. C. CUMMINS, M. D.,

SURGERY AND GENERAL PRACTICE  
Office over First National Bank

Calls answered promptly day or night. All phones.

DR. G. H. LEACH,

Deputy State Veterinarian and Stock Inspector.

Office, Star Barn. All phones



# DAILY DEMOCRAT FORUM

(Successor to the Maryville Republican)

VOLUME 2

MARYVILLE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1912.

NO. 186.

## A NEW YEAR LETTER

A PICTURE OF HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME IN AT WASHINGTON.

## TAFT'S BIG RECEPTION

While President Was Receiving at Washington, Ohio Republicans Were Planning His Downfall.

(By VAN CLEVE.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1, 1912. "Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring out the false, ring in the true."

This was done last night with more spirit and enthusiasm than has been shown at any previous christening of the glad new year in the nation's capitol. The old year was tenderly laid away in the calendar graveyard and the birthday of the new babe was hailed with universal satisfaction and delight.

Practically the whole of Washington's population attended the dual function. Extensive preparations were made for the event. The churches held "watch" meetings, the regular services in most cases being postponed until about 9 o'clock. All the big hotels announced special dinners at from \$1 to \$3.50 per plate, the cafes all made special preparations and there was hardly a seat in any of the leading ones that had not been reserved several days in advance. Nine hundred were seated at the New Willard hotel. Thousands of families gathered in "watch parties" at the homes of individuals and celebrated on an economical scale.

As the hour of 12 approached the orchestras in the cafes and hotels turned to the old familiar songs and the assembled hosts joined in singing their benedictions alike upon the old and the new. "Auld Lang Syne" was the favorite and, at times the choruses rose almost to tumultuous proportions. At a moment before 12 the lights were turned out and the melodies of the orchestra were suddenly turned into a bedlam of discordant jangle which continued a short time and was succeeded by a return to the delightful strains of harmony.

At one of the large and fashionable hotels, at which were gathered diplomats from the various nations, army and navy officers and social leaders of various grades, at one second to 12 a bugler sounded the "taps," and, as the silvery strains filled the large room, the lights were suddenly turned out. Twelve strokes in measured time were struck on a large bell, the bugler sounded "reveille" and the lights were flashed on again. A big electric sign greeted the guests bearing the inscription "A Happy New Year," the music began once more and the merriment proceeded.

Coincident with all this, as the last stroke of twelve died away in the distant echoes, the church bells pealed forth the glad tidings of the new birth, the scores of locomotive whistles in the railroad yards were turned loose, the steamboat whistles joined in the acclaim to which were added the voice of numerous other whistles, both large and small. Automobile horns were blown as was every available horn or noise making device, and for a time a tumultuous uproar followed. The man who thought he would go to sleep and not sit the year out was in for a rude awakening.

The chief event of New Year's day was the president's reception. Elaborate arrangements were made, and when the end of the long line had been reached this afternoon the president indulged a long and energetic sigh of relief and enquired of Mrs. Taft if there was anything to eat. The man who sits close by and keeps tab on things whispered that the chief ex-

ecutive had shaken hands with 8,992 callers and that it had been the most successful New Year's reception yet held at the White House. It was then about 2:30. He rubbed his aching arm and headed for the red room, where a buffet luncheon was served, and the White House family enjoyed the rest of the day in seclusion. The affair began at 11 o'clock, when the vice president and the members of the cabinet were received. Then followed the diplomatic corps, the judges of the supreme court and the various other courts and former cabinet members and ambassadors and ministers. At 11:30 the senators, representatives and delegates in congress filed in; then came the officers of the army and navy; then the solicitor general, the various attorneys general and members of the numerous commissions, including the tariff board, and the heads of the bureaus in the departments; these were followed by representatives of many societies, and at 12:30 the doors were opened to the general public. The only White House reception that ever exceeded this in numbers was the farewell reception given to Theodore Roosevelt when he was leaving for private life and the jungles of Africa.

While all this was going on a big meeting of Ohio Republicans was in session at Columbus trying to decide whether to endorse Roosevelt or La Follette, with never a word for the man at the helm. Verily this is a fickle and cruel world.

The friends of Morse, the New York banker who is serving a term in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga., hoped to get a Christmas pardon for him, but failed. There seems to be no doubt that the unfortunate man is doomed to an early death. He has Bright's disease, which has been aggravated by confinement, and he has accumulated a number of complications, among which is a practical mental and nervous collapse. He was borne his confinement with great fortitude and before the breaking down of his health attempted to carry on his work and regain his lost fortune, but he has a horror of dying in prison. He believes now that his end is near and he wants to die outside the prison walls. He says he does not care when he dies but he does care where. The public generally had hoped that he would at least get a parole, and many believe he should have an outright pardon.

No one feels that Morse, having at least technically violated the law, should have been punished, but those familiar with the case declare that he was made the goat for a bunch of New York financiers, and that the only reason he was convicted when others were not was because he had offended persons very high in administration councils. These parties trace Morse's troubles back to the fact that he inaugurated an independent line of steamers along the upper Atlantic coast which seriously injured the monopoly held by lines in the control of the New Haven railroad. He was warned not to go into it, but he did not heed the warning. He put in his line and he was building up a big business. He rapidly accumulated a fortune. J. P. Morgan & Co. own a controlling interest in the New Haven properties and Charles P. Taft is said to have been a heavy stockholder.

Morse was sent up for fifteen years. He has served about five years and has practically served a life sentence. A number of examinations have been recently made and the president sent down two or three delegations of army and other surgeons and they all agreed that his case is hopeless. The only point at issue seems to be whether the man is to die right away or in a little while. It was stated that if he were pardoned he might get well. It is inconceivable that an argument like that would defer executive clemency, but the word has gone out, and all circumstances seem to affirm it, that when it is positively known that he can no longer exist in prison he will be liberated, not to live but to die. A great fight has been made for his liberty, and the people generally seem to be wishing him good speed in his efforts.

### Visiting Kansas Relatives.

Miss Chloe Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith, went to Colony, Kan., to visit her uncles, W. D. Bishop and Mel Hefflin, and families. She will also visit at Lawrence, Kan., with S. K. Hefflin and family. Miss Smith will be gone several weeks.

### Went to Lamar.

E. F. Jones, secretary of the State Anti-Saloon league, who assisted the local option committee in Maryville, left Saturday for Lamar, Mo., where there is a local option campaign on Lamar is to vote January 23.

## THE COLDEST DAY

SATURDAY'S RECORD OF 17 BELOW WAS EQUAL TO JAN., 1899.

## FRIDAY MAX. 8 BELOW

Thirteen Years Ago There Were Twenty Days Thermometer Never Got Above Zero Mark.

Saturday was the coldest day of the winter, and at the same time the coldest day Maryville has experienced in several years. The maximum temperature on Friday was 8 degrees below zero.

But on Saturday morning the thermometer went down to 17 below zero, the coldest morning we have had, and the highest mark the thermometer has reached this winter. In 1911 the coldest mark was 14 below zero, January 3. At 1 o'clock this afternoon it was 9 below zero.

The present cold spell is showing unusual lasting power. The following table shows the highest and lowest temperatures registered since December 28:

	Min.	Max.
December 29.....	10	31
December 30.....	4	6
December 31.....	-6	8
January 1.....	-6	10
January 2.....	-5	12
January 3.....	-6	9
January 4.....	-2	10
January 5.....	-12	-8
January 6.....	-17	-9

In 1899 the thermometer made a record on January, 1899. It was 17 degrees below zero, and on February 3 the thermometer went down to 28 degrees below zero. There were twenty days in that year that the thermometer was never above zero. February 2, 1905, it was 22 degrees below zero, and on the same day the maximum temperature was 9 degrees below zero, or 1 degree more than it was Friday.

The forecast indicates that the cold weather will keep up at least for two or three days more. All of the trains on the Wabash and Burlington were again late Friday night and Saturday, most of them running from an hour to six hours late.

## Sunday Services at Local Churches

### First Presbyterian Church.

There will be no preaching services at the First Presbyterian church Sunday. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. and Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.

### M. E. Church, South.

Regular services Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Morning services at 10:45 and evening services at 7:30 o'clock, with sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Parvin. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

### First M. E. Church.

Regular services Sunday. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock. Morning service at 10:45 and evening service at 7:30 o'clock, with sermons by the pastor, Dr. J. S. Ford. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

### First Baptist Church.

The pastor, Rev. Lee Harrel, will preach at 11 a. m. on "Encouragement for Doing Christian Work," and at 7:30 p. m. on "New Year's Resolutions." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and B. Y. P. U. at 6:30 p. m.

### Christian Church.

Regular preaching services at 10:45 and 7:30 by the pastor, Rev. C. J. Miller. Bible school at 9:30. Endeavor at 6:30, leader, Paul Boyer. Morning subject, "The Christian Watchword." Evening subject, "The Unpardonable Sin." We begin our revival services in the morning. The new song books are here. All invited.

### Mrs. Hutton Getting Better.

Mrs. W. J. Hutton, who has been critically ill in Ensworth hospital for several weeks, began to improve Thursday and has continued to improve so gradually that the physicians and family have hope of her ultimate recovery. Mr. Hutton has been with her constantly and will remain until she is able to be brought home. Mrs. Hutton's mother, Mrs. Aldridge, and her son and daughter, Clyde and Nellie Hutton, who were summoned to her bedside Wednesday, returned home Thursday night.

## THE COUNTY TO VOTE

LOCAL OPTION PETITION ACTED ON BY THE COUNTY COURT.

## SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10

Date is Fixed as Required by Law on Presentation of Petition Containing 10 Per Cent of Voters.

An election is to be held in Nodaway county outside of Maryville, on Saturday, February 10, when they will vote on the local option question, so the county court decided Saturday afternoon.

The election was called by the county court after finding that 10 per cent of the qualified voters of the county outside of Maryville had signed the petition requesting the court to call the election. It was imperative on the court to call the election when the required number of names were on the petition.

The petition was secured by the "wet" side, and they had over 600 names to the petition, over the required number. It was presented to the court Friday evening.

Many are of the opinion that since Maryville went "wet" Nodaway county will also go "wet" in a new election, as many of the people over the county feel that if one spot in the county is "wet" the whole county should be "wet."

### WAS POORLY ATTENDED.

Entertainment Friday Night Was Instructive and Interesting.

"The Blue and the Gray" entertainment given in the Business college auditorium Friday night was poorly attended on account of the severe cold weather. Granville Jones assumed the confederate point of view and Prof. W. A. Gardner the Union side. The two men presented the viewpoints of the two sides in an able manner, and the entertainment was instructive and interesting as it was unique.

The entertainment was given under the auspices of the Ladies' Military band and Company F.

## News of Society and Womens' Clubs

### Installation Postponed.

The installation of officers for the Grand Army of the Republic and the Woman's Relief Corps, which was to take place Saturday night in the post hall, has been postponed on account of the cold weather.

### Friday Dinner Guests.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Ringgold entertained with a dinner Friday, their guests being Mrs. Ringgold's sisters and brother, Mrs. E. C. Taylor of Manassas, Col.; Mrs. Michael M. McGottigan of Clearmont; Mrs. Elizabeth Morehouse of Hopkins and Mr. William Huls of Elmo. Mrs. Taylor is on her way home from a holiday visit in Chicago with her daughter, Miss Lola Taylor, who is a student in Chicago university. Miss Taylor spent several weeks in Maryville last summer with Mrs. Ringgold, and also visited other relatives in the county, and will be kindly remembered by many who made her acquaintance.

### Had a Banquet at Clearmont.

Several young men of Clearmont entertained their young lady friends to a delightful banquet Tuesday evening, January 2, at the brick hotel in that town. The dining room and tables were decorated in pink and white and the favors for the young ladies were pink and white carnations and fern leaves. A delicious four-course supper was served, and the color scheme of pink and white was carried out in the cake and ice cream. The young ladies brought neatly wrapped packages, for each young man, which were opened at the table, and contained a suggestion for a joke, and was greatly enjoyed, as it was a complete surprise to the young men. The out-of-town guests were Miss Jennie Robinson of Maryville, Miss Lydia Berkey of Milford, Neb.; Mr. Roy Kramer of Omaha, Neb., and Mr. William Wagner of Burlington Junction.

Miss Alice Cobb of Bedford, Ia., is the guest of her cousin, Miss Maud Clark. Miss Cobb came Friday from Savannah, where she had been visiting relatives.

## DEATH OF AN AGED MAN.

"Uncle Doc" McKenzie Died at the Home of His Niece, Mrs. Albert Watts.

John McKenzie, better known as "Uncle Doc," died Friday night at the home of his niece, Mrs. Albert Watts, on East Third street, after a seven months' illness of sciatic rheumatism. The funeral services will be held Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Oak Hill church, five miles east of Maryville, and interment will take place in the cemetery there.

Mr. McKenzie was 89 years old and was a native of Decatur county, Indiana. He moved to Washington county, Ia., when a boy, and made his home there until seventeen years ago, when he came to Maryville to make his home with Mr. and Mrs. Watts, who at that time lived on their farm east of Maryville. Mr. McKenzie was never married. He was converted in young manhood and united with the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a consistent Christian always and was known to never speak ill of any one. During his long illness he was kind and patient and grateful for everything that was done for him. He was a truly good man.

Mr. McKenzie is survived by six sisters, Mrs. Edith Steltz, who makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Watts, and Mrs. Martha Smith, also of Maryville; Mrs. Benjamin Anderson and Mrs. Mary Farrier of Washington, Ia.; Mrs. Margaret Thompson of Joplin, Mo., and Mrs. Vina Bowen of Los Angeles, Cal.

## CASES FILED IN CIRCUIT COURT.

One a Divorce Suit and Another One an Appeal Case From Guilford.

Two cases were filed Saturday in the circuit clerk's office for the February term of circuit court.

One of the cases was a divorce suit filed by Attorney George Pat Wright. Myrtle M. Duckinworth is suing her husband, Charles M. Duckinworth, for divorce and care and custody of three children. They were married in Nodaway county, in December, 1897, and separated in March, 1911. The petition alleges that the defendant is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

The other case was an appeal case from the justice court at Guilford. Dade D. Henderson and J. H. Wilson sued the Great Western railroad for \$65.61 on account of a delay in a shipment of twenty-one head of cattle that were shipped to St. Joseph. The case was won in the justice court by the plaintiff, and the railroad company was granted an appeal to the circuit court.

## CHOOSE PETIT JURY.

For the February Term of Circuit Court Selected by the County Court Friday.

The county court, in session Friday, selected the petit jury for the February term of circuit court. The following were chosen:

Atchison township—George Johnson. Grant—Pres. Curnutt. Green—Sam Jones. Hopkins—Robert Houston and Felix Brown. Hughes—C. C. Trapp. Independence—William Killiam and John Hepburn. Jackson—James Rhoades and John O'Day. Jefferson—Gus King. Lincoln—Robert Lamar and George Tibbets. Monroe—W. G. Mast. Nodaway—William Miller and Chas. Ferguson. Polk—G. P. Bainum, J. C. Carmichael, E. A. Baker and John Neal. Union—H. W. Smith. Washington—Clarence Manship. White Cloud—Ed Cliser and William Hoshor.

## Will Buy Spring Millinery.

Miss Freeman of the Parisian Millinery company will leave Saturday night for a few days' visit with her parents at Columbia. She will then go to the Chicago and St. Louis markets to buy her spring stock of millinery.

Mrs. B. H. Taylor of Buhl, Idaho, who has been the guest of Mrs. Fred Doss, went to Ravenwood Saturday to visit her uncle, I. V. Moore. Mrs. Taylor will visit relatives and friends in Nodaway and Gentry counties for two months.

Miss Minnie Griffith of Creston, Ia., returned home Saturday from a few days' visit with her aunt, Mrs. A. T. Clark, and family.

Will Anderson of Bedford was in Maryville Saturday on business.

## SALOONS WON OUT

MARYVILLE WENT WET IN LOCAL OPTION ELECTION FRIDAY.

## RECORD VOTE WAS POLLED

Fourth Ward, With Its Majority of 155, Decided the Issue, Rest of City Going Dry by 190.

Maryville, by a majority of 55, decided to remain "wet" in the election held Friday, and the local option question can't be submitted here again for four years. The result of the election was quite a surprise to a number of the "dry" workers, who were confident of victory.

The Second and Third wards gave a "dry" majority of 6 and 94 respectively, while the First ward was a tie, and the Fourth ward went "wet" by 155. The total number of votes cast was 1,987, which is probably the largest vote ever polled in a city election held here.

Great interest was taken in the election, which was a fair one. No reports have been made on any violations of the election laws.

The vote by wards follows:

	For.	Against.
First ward .....	108	108
Second ward .....	103	109
Third ward .....	71	165
Fourth ward .....	239	134
Totals .....	571	516

The two saloon licenses expire in February, and it is thought that pressure will be brought to bear on the county court by the "drys" to have the court refuse to grant them a license under an opinion given recently by the Kansas City court of appeals.

Many telephone calls were received by The Democrat-Forum from over the county wanting to know how the election went, and the interest over the county was about as great as here in the city over the result.

The Democrat-Forum had the complete returns of the election three minutes after the polls closed and was answering the numerous telephone calls for information. From 6 to 9 o'clock over 200 telephone calls were answered, and from 6:30 to 6:50 fifty calls were answered.

## COUNCIL WAS IN SESSION.

Canvassed Returns of Election—Bert Mack as Night Policeman.

The city council was in regular session Friday evening and canvassed the returns of the local option election held on that day.

Mayor Robey appointed Bert Mack as night policeman to succeed Clyde Avitt, who resigned. The appointment was confirmed by the board. The mayor's appointment is for one month only, and if satisfactory service is given, Mr. Mack will have the job for a year.

The contract between the Electric Light company and the city for six small lights in the alleys in the business districts of the city was approved. The lights will be placed in the alleys as follows: Back of Tate Bros., back of D. R. Eversole & Son, back of the Oak saloon, back of Westfall Bros., back of Jim Andy Ford's barn, and back of the Pierpoint livery barn.

The monthly reports of the city officers were received and accepted. A large number of bills were allowed.

## Left for Jefferson City.

Lieutenant Paul Blason and Captain E. S. Cook, Lieutenants E. Phipps and Bert Charles left Friday afternoon for Jefferson City to attend the governor's reception Saturday, and also a meeting of the National Guardsmen of the state.

## The Weather

Snow tonight; Sunday generally fair and continued cold.

## DR. FINN



Treats eyes with glasses only. He can give you 5,000 references in Maryville and Nodaway county. Ask your neighbors about Finn's glasses that make weak eyes strong.

W. B. FINN.

## DON'T FORGET

Our store is headquarters for

### School Supplies

Of all kinds, Books, Pens, Pencils, Tablets, anything you need.

### HOTCHKIN'S VARIETY STORE

106 South Main St. Maryville, Mo.

## DO YOU NEED GLASSES?

### Eyes Tested Free

Glasses Accurately Fitted by expert Optician. Repairs Promptly Executed at CRANE'S.



The Democrat-Forum  
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

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Nodaway County

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Some visitors at the high school this week were Misses Allie Frazier and Marie Reuillard of Maryville, Mary Foster of Chariton, Ia.; Misses Ora Barnmann, Frances Keeler and Martha Koch, students at the Sacred Heart convent at St. Joseph, and Mr. G. B. Holmes, Jr.

The usual drill or parliamentary rules of order was held on Thursday during the assembly hour. The students are becoming quite proficient in this work, and discuss the possible contingencies which are given them with all the eagerness and surety of a professional debater. This drill was the last one to be held during this school year.

The high school basketball team met its first defeat of the season at the hands of the Normal players on Thursday evening. The Normal five, because of their longer practice and the aid of Coach Moore, played excellent team work during the game and succeeded in ending the first half 26 to 6 in their favor. In the second half, however, the high school boys took a brace and played a much improved defensive game, scoring the same number of points as in the first half, while they held their opponents to 9 points, the score for this half being 9 to 6. This is the first defeat the high school has suffered at the hands of the Normal, but some consolation is derived from the fact that two former high school stars helped in no small measure to send their one-time teammates down to defeat. There will probably be but one more game to decide the championship of the city, as the Normal has undoubtedly the stronger team. This game will be played within in the next week or two.

Manager Horton of the high school is negotiating with a Lenox, Ia., representative for two games with the high school team of that town.

The advanced senior class entertained a few members of the beginning senior class with a bobsled party on Thursday evening. The young people met at the public library and spent several hours in making the "rounds" of the town, after which they had supper at Reuillard's. The members of the party were then taken to their various homes, after having spent a most delightful evening. Those present were Misses Anna Bainum, Margorie Wilfley, Cecle Fisher, Elta Wood, Maye Growney, Gertrude Mason and Lucile Carter, Messrs. Wood Forcade, Edward Gray, Orlo Quinn, Ova Goff, Fred Hutchinson, Virgil Lyle and Ernest Yeaman.

The freshman class entertained the faculty with a bobsled ride on Thursday evening.

The last week of advanced work for this school year has just closed. There will be one week for review and one week for examination, after which the work of the New Year will commence.

Mrs. U. I. Willson, whose son, Paul Willson, is a high school student, was a visitor on Friday morning at the high school.

Dr. A. T. Fisher was a high school visitor this week.

Mr. Walter Dresh of St. Joseph will enter the high school at the beginning of next semester.

The speakers for "The Blue and the Gray," Prof. W. A. Gardner and Hon. Granville Jones, visited the various societies at the high school Friday afternoon.

Left for Minnesota.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stephenson and little daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Stephenson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Lucas, left Saturday for their home in Minneapolis. They have been living in Chicago for some time.

Mrs. C. W. Reidinger and daughters, Mrs. Thomas Luke and Miss Margaret Reidinger, of Conception, were shopping in Maryville Saturday.

Miss Nellie Swearingen of Bedison returned home Saturday from a few days' visit with Miss Ada Clayton and Miss Helen Purcell.

For Sale

At a bargain, good sawmill, Russell make; has double saw; in first class shape. If you want a snap write me at once. A. P. BOLIN, Arkee, Mo.

JAMES B. GARNER DEAD.

Old Settler of Nodaway County Passed Away at Home of Daughter Saturday Morning.

James B. Garner, a well known old resident of this country, died at 10 o'clock Saturday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. D. S. Angell, corner of Fourth and Buchanan streets.

The time for the funeral services has not yet been decided, as word from West Virginia friends and relatives in the west is being waited for.

Mr. Garner had been in failing health for a year or more, but he had been in a precarious condition for two or three months. He was about 72 years old. He had been a resident of this county for many years, and formerly lived on a farm southwest of Maryville, retiring from the work and moving to Maryville about twenty years ago.

He is survived by his daughter, Mrs. D. S. Angell, with whom he has lived since the death of his wife, a year ago last summer.

THIS HAPPENED IN MISSOURI

Editor Mixed a Wedding Announcement and the Advertisement of an Auction Sale.

A Missouri editor who was brimful of hard cider got a wedding account and a sale mixed, and served to his readers this dope:

William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Smith, was disposed at auction to Lucy Anderson on my farm, one mile east of here in the presence of 70 guests, including the following, to-wit: Two mules, 12 head of cattle. The Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial, the least weighing 1,250 pounds on the hoof. The beautiful home of the bride was tastefully decorated with a seawash calf, a spade, a sulky rake, one feed grinder, one set double harness, almost new, and just before the ceremony was pronounced. Mendelssohn's wedding march was played by one milch cow, five years; one Jersey cow, to be fresh next April, carrying a bunch of flowers in her hand and looking charming in a gown made of light spring wagon, two boxes of apples, two racks of hay, one grindstone, mouseline deori trimmed with about 180 bushels of epuds. The groom is well known and popular young man and has always stood well among society circles of 12 Berkshire hogs, while the bride is an accomplished and talented school teacher of a splendid drove of Poland-China—pedigrees if desired. Among the beautiful presents were two sets of knives and forks, one spring harrow, one wheelbarrow, one go-cart, other articles too numerous to mention. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip, term of 12 months time, extended to responsible parties, otherwise spot cash luncheon will be served at the table. After this Mr. and Mrs. Smith will go to housekeeping in a cozy home at the corner of Main and Doctor R. L. Granby, auctioneer.—National Monthly.

MUSIC LESSONS OFTEN LOST

Writer Thinks Children Should Have Easier Tasks and Shorter Hours of Practice.

The musical education of the child, we must remember, is, in nine cases out of ten, a plus quantity—something in addition to an already complete course of study laid out by that exacting and often heartless person known as the educator. It invades the play hour, makes it by no means small exactions upon the already tired brain, and often proves more destructive of the central gray matter and more wearing to the nerves than all the rest of the child's curriculum put together. Think of the poor tortured little spine and the dangling legs on the high piano stool for an hour at a stretch! What a nervous strain and worryment, to drop a note here and there, as grandma drops a stitch, and be obliged to go back again and again to struggle with the passage until time, fingering, reading and all the technique of execution are pronounced satisfactory!

With less exacting music and shorter hours of practice, I have no doubt that quite as much progress would be made by most children in the long run. Nothing is gained by exhausting nervous energy and wearing out both brain and body. Unless a child has extraordinary aptitude and an inalienable love for music, "too much of a good thing" will simply disgust him or her with the entire study.

Motor Maps.

In countries like France, where roads are good and cross roads numerous, travelers by automobile have frequent occasion to consult road maps, because they go so fast and change direction so often that topographical information is, for them, a continual necessity.

To meet this there has been invented an automatic chart that unrolls in step with the advance of the carriage, so that the chauffeur has always before him a map of the route he is to pursue. When the road is about to turn sharply an electric bell gives warning 300 meters in advance. Another attachment to the chart registers the distance traversed. The whole apparatus is moved by gearing connected with the wheels of the automobile.

LOST HIS CLOTHES

THE STORY OF HOW A PROMINENT LITERARY MAN GOT HOME.

A NEW STORY ON HOMER

It Came Out at Reunion of Nodaway County Colony in New York Was Not Intended for Publication.

(Special Correspondence.)

From a conversation conducted in the privacy of the parlor of a New York apartment house your correspondent has learned that somewhere along the flat banks of the willow-fringed White Cloud, to the west and north of Maryville, two suits of clothes are presumed to be flapping in the breezes from the tops of the shumac bushes.

This bit of information is presumed to escape publication, but it leaked out—just overflowed in a forgetful moment—when fellow Missourians, Maryvillians, were gathered together as they were accustomed to doing in the by-gone days.

It was an afternoon of reminiscences at the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Duncan, of which Bobby Duncan performed an interesting part, talking of his famous grandfather and his big horses while he played with his tin cars and building blocks. Mrs. A. G. Leake, doing post-graduate work at Columbia university, sat in the big rocker over by the sectional bookcases just merely through force of habit. Prof. Albert Hogan of the Missouri university sat very dignified near the big window and took furtive peeps at the tall buildings across the street. Homer Croy, with a twinkling eye, and C. J. Colden, smiling kitchen-ward, sat near the opening leading into the dining room, guarded vigilantly by Mrs. Roscoe Duncan, formerly a Chicago girl, but in New York famous as a superlative cuisine artist. Her talents are much appreciated by the Nodaway colony. Roscoe Duncan added a few smiles and an occasional puff acquired in his Missouri cob pipe days, from the Morris chair near the victrola, and Bobby sat squarely in the center of the stage on an Oriental rug.

There is quite a preface to that story of the missing clothes.

The conversation began on Maryville from the first jump. All were so helioious as to the health of Mrs. Dr. Anthony, and rejoiced to know of her improvement. The doctor himself was not forgotten, and many compliments were heard of his achievements.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Gromer did not arrive as was expected, and a telephone call furnished the information that he is again in the hospital suffering from a relapse of the pneumonia. He was temporarily obliged to give up his duties as treasurer of Porto Rico because of pneumonia, and came to

New York City for treatment. He is much better now. He may not return to the West Indies because of the climate; he is considering the presidency of a Pacific coast university. He is at present a professor of the Missouri university with a leave of absence, but has outgrown the place, and something much better will be required to keep him in Missouri.

Then Roscoe Duncan took the floor. "Bert"—he didn't say Prof. Hogan—"do you remember the time we went duck hunting with a rifle?" We learned that there was a large flock of birds; with breathless stealth the hunters crawled within two rods of the unsuspecting game; then the question arose as to which was the better shot. There were two ardent candidates for the honors. Each had an enthusiastic advocate. Hogan carried the gun; therefore Hogan won. Duncan watched Hogan take deadly aim. Hogan fired, but has never redeemed his reputation as a good shot in Duncan's eyes. Hogan had the fun of shooting, but Duncan's fun has lasted from that day until this.

The Maryville boys were discussed who are making good. It was the unanimous opinion that it would be a big mistake for Forrest Donnell of St. Louis and Jesse Anderson of Kansas City to run for governor at the same time, because they have so many mutual friends who desire to vote for both.

Dr. Joseph Carter, assistant in the Frauen Klinik in Vienna, Austria, one of the renowned medical universities of the world, and his wife, formerly Artie May Mason, now studying piano under the famous Leschetizky, were remembered with kindly wishes.

The older boys were not forgotten. The opinion was rendered without a dissenting voice that in the associations of after life no one present ever made such an impression of gravity, dignity and learning as did Prof. B. F. Duncan in the school room days. It was recalled, too, that Oliver Bovard was not expert in fractions, and that when Prof. Bovard was not looking the other boys gave him hearty assistance by bumping his head against the blackboard.

Does any one know who found those two suits of clothes on the banks of the White Cloud? Are the fragments out there yet?

Before any one could answer Prof. Hogan declared this to be his birthday anniversary, and insisted that all must accompany him to 6 o'clock dinner. Before the mystery of the disappearing clothes is told, it must be stated that Prof. Hogan's birthday dinner was a fitting ending of a most pleasant afternoon.

"Homer, do you feel like other folks since you have been written up in 'Who's Who in America?'" said Duncan to Croy.

"Croy, do you really enjoy sitting around the Salamagundi club looking wise and aristocratic and literary like the balance of that bunch?" asked another.

It was simply modesty that caused Croy to squirm around and look to-

ward the door. His literary recognition, the honors thrust upon him have come so rapidly, he is sometimes confused by admiring friends. So just to divert attention from himself he related a boyhood incident that has escaped the columns of public print.

"Hogan," said Croy, "do you remember the time we went swimming in White Cloud? We hung our clothes in the bushes and dashed into the nearest pool; then we went down stream to a larger one. The farther we went the more enticing the pools. We stayed out longer than we thought and wandered a long ways from the starting point. We couldn't find those clothes. We—just—ha-d—well, we just couldn't find them."

"How did you get home?" inquired an attentive lady listener.

Contracting his brows, slapping his knee, jumping to his feet, Croy announced as he went out the door toward the coat rack, "Excuse me, I've got an appointment right this minute forty blocks away."

Moved to New Place.

Mason & Wilderman have moved their automobile garage from the east side of the square to the old Prather barn, on North Main street, which is being remodeled. Gabe Allen has also moved his feed store to the Dave Phillips building, south of the Phares lumber yard.

Mrs. Z. A. Ashmore of Villisca, Ia., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Saunders, since Mr. Saunders' death, seven weeks ago, went to Bedford, Ia., Saturday to visit another daughter, Mrs. Eva Ulrich.

Miss Clarice Hartman left Saturday for her school work in Hot Springs, Idaho, after a two weeks' vacation visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hartman.

Miss Edith Jones of Pickering visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Montgomery, Friday and Saturday.

Miss Ethel Wyatt, a State Normal student, went to her home, near Arkee, Saturday morning to visit over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Job of Clarinda, Ia., are the guests of Mr. Job's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Job, for a few days' visit.

I want to buy 200 to 400 bushels of snap corn at once. R. P. Hosmer 4-6

Two Wealthy Cities.

Frankfort probably shares with Amsterdam eminence as being the wealthiest city in the world per capita. There is an immense investment fund in this city garnered through centuries. Frankfort has long been one of the great money markets of Europe and banking in Germany centered here until recent years, the great Frankfort private banking houses leading and being assisted in their operations by such houses as Mendelssohns and Bleichroeders in Berlin and the Oppenheims in Hanover.

Today's Markets

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

CHICAGO.

Cattle—600. Market steady. Estimate tomorrow, 26,000.  
Hogs—11,000. Market steady; top, \$6.30. Estimate tomorrow, 36,000.  
Sheep—1,500.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle—1,000. Market steady.  
Hogs—1,500. Market steady; top, \$6.20.  
Sheep—None.

ST. JOSEPH.

Cattle—600.  
Hogs—5,000. Top, \$6.20.  
Sheep—None.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Mrs. Paul Cook is visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Garrett and family of Blanchard, Ia., accompanying Mrs. Garrett home Thursday morning from a visit here since Thanksgiving.

DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR.

A Few Applications of Simple Remedy Restores the Natural Color.

"Pull out one gray hair and a dozen will take its place" is an old saying, which is, to a great extent, true, if no steps are taken to stop the cause. When gray hairs appear it is a sign that nature needs assistance. It is nature's call for help. Gray hair, dull, lifeless hair, or hair that is falling out, is not necessarily a sign of advancing age, for there are thousands of elderly people with perfect heads of hair without a single streak of gray.

When gray hairs come, or when the hair seems to be lifeless or dead, some good, reliable hair restoring treatment should be resorted to at once. Specialists say that one of the best preparations to use is the old-fashioned "sage tea" which our grandparents used. The best preparation of this kind is Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy, a preparation of domestic sage and sulphur, scientifically compounded with later discovered hair tonics and stimulants, the whole mixture being carefully balanced and tested by experts.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur is clean and wholesome and perfectly harmless. It refreshes dry, parched hair, removes dandruff and gradually restores faded or gray hair to its natural color.

Don't delay another minute. Start using Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur at once and see what a difference a few days' treatment will make in your hair.

This preparation is offered to the public at fifty cents a bottle, and is recommended and sold by all druggists. Special agents, Koch Pharmacy.



# The FLYING MERCURY

By  
**Eleanor M. Ingram**

Author of  
"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By  
**RAY WALTERS**

(Copyright, 1910, by Bobbe-Merrill Co.)

(Continued from yesterday's Daily.)

## CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the French limousine crept into the Beach enclosure.

"We're here," said Bailey, to his traveling companions. "You can't park the car in front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grandstand seats."

Mr. French got out in silence and assisted Emily to descend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veil.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.

"Number seven all right?" he asked.

"On the track, Lestrangle driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey lead their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanician rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. French half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. French put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrangle

around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasoline-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrangle holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrangle with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned.

Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that heap of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and



"Here Goes Another."

sent its driver and mechanician to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrangle isn't fit and makes a miscue we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"No!" Emily cried piteously.

Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologized.

"Don't go off; Lestrangle swears he feels fine and gibes at me for worrying. Don't look like that."

"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. French stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."

Stunned, his nephew stared at him.

"Withdraw!"

"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrangle that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."

"Richard!"

His round face ablaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrangle when he's winning—I won't do it, I won't! Send Bailey; I can't tell him."

"If you want to discredit the car and its driver, Mr. French, you can do it without me," slowly added Bailey. "But it won't be any use to send for Mr. David, because he won't come."

The autocrat of his little world looked from one rebel to the other, confounded with the unprecedented.

"If I wish to withdraw him, it is to place him out of danger," he retorted with asperity. "Not because I wish to mortify him, naturally. Is that clear? Does he want to pass the next thirteen hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," answered Dick. "He wants to be let alone. It seems to me he's earned that."

Ethan French opened his lips and closed them again without speech. It had not been his life's habit to let people alone and the art was acquired with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend the feelings you describe," he conceded, at last. "But there is one person who has the right to decide whether David shall continue this risk of his life. Emily, do you wish the car withdrawn?"

There was a gasp from the other two men.

"I?" the young girl exclaimed, amazed. "I can call him here—safe—"

Her voice died out as Lestrangle's car roared past, overtaking two rivals on the turn and sliding between them with an audacity that provoked rounds of applause from the spectators. To call him in from that, to have him safe with her—the mere thought was a delight that caught her breath. Yet, she knew Lestrangle.

The three men watched her in keen suspense. The Mercury car had passed twice again before she raised her head, and in that space of a hundred seconds Emily reached the final unselfishness.

"What David wants," she said. "Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, in a passion of relief. "Emily, you're a brick!"

She looked at him with eyes he never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I hope I die too," she answered, and drew the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no good here," advised Bailey, in the pause. "I guess Miss Emily is right, Mr. French; we've got nothing to do but look on, for David French was wiped out to make Darling Lestrangle."

Having left the decision to Emily, it was in character that her uncle offered no remonstrance when she disappointed his wish.

When Lestrangle came into his camp for oil and gasoline, near eight o'clock, Dick seized the brief halt, the first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," he announced. "Send her a word, old man; and don't get reckless in front of her."

"Emily?" echoed Lestrangle, too weary for astonishment. "Give me a pencil. No, I can't take off my gauntlet; it's glued fast. I'll manage. Rupert, go take an hour's rest and send me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; it's glued fast," Rupert confided, leaning over the back of the machine to appropriate a sandwich from the basket a man was carrying to the neighboring camp. "Go on with your correspondence, dearest."

So resting the card Dick supplied on the steering wheel, Lestrangle wrote a difficult two lines.

He was out again on the track when Dick brought the message to Emily.

"I just told him you were here, cousin," he whispered in her ear, and dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever, with you here," she read. "It's the right place for my girl. I'll give you the cup for our first dinner table, tonight."

"DAVID!" Emily lifted her face. The tragedy of the scene was gone, Lestrangle's eyes laughed at her out of a mist. The sky was blue, the sunshine golden, the merry crowds commencing to pour in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the machine was running magnificently," supplemented Dick, "and not to insult his veteran reputation by getting nervous. He's coming by—look!"

He was coming by; and, although unable to look toward the grandstand he raised his hand in salute as he passed, to the one he knew was watching. Emily flushed rosily, her dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gratefully. "Dickie, I can wait until it ends now."

Dick went back. The hours passed. One more car went out of the race under the grinding test; there were the usual incidents of blown-out tires and temporary withdrawals for repairs. Twice Mr. French sent his partner and Emily to the restaurant below, tolerating his seat. Perfectly composed, his expression perfectly self-contained, he watched his son.

The day grew unbearably hot toward afternoon, a heat rather of July than June. After a visit to his camp Lestrangle reappeared without the suf-

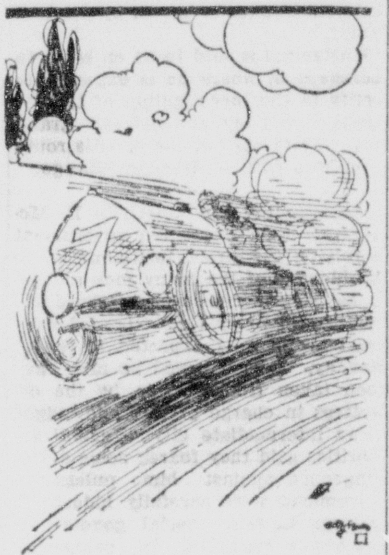
focating mask and cap, driving bare-headed, with only the narrow goggles crossing his face. The change left visible the drawn pallor of exhaustion under stains of dust and oil, his rolled-back sleeves disclosed the crimson badge on his right arm and the fact that his left wrist was tightly wound with linen where swollen and strained muscles rebelled at the long trial.

"He's been driving for nineteen hours," said Dick, climbing up to his party through the excited crowd. "Two hours more to six o'clock. Listen to the mob when he passes!"

The injunction was unnecessary. As the sun slanted low the enthusiasm grew to fever. This was a crowd of connoisseurs—motorists, chauffeurs, automobile lovers and drivers—they knew what was being done before them. The word passed that Lestrangle was in his twentieth hour; people climbed on seats to cheer him as he passed by. When one of his tires blew out, in the opening of the first hour of his driving and the twenty-fourth of the race, the great shout of sympathy and encouragement that went up shook the grandstand to its cement foundations.

Neither Lestrangle nor Rupert left his seat while that tire was changed.

"If we did I ain't sure we'd get back," Rupert explained to Dick, who



Reappeared Without the Suffocating Mask and Cap.

hovered around them agitatedly. "If I'd thought Darling's mechanician would get in for this, I'd have taken in sewing for a living. How much longer?"

"Half an hour."

"Well, watch us finish."

A renewed burst of applause greeted the Mercury car's return to the track. Men were standing watch in hand to count the last moments, their eyes on the bulletin board where the reeled-off miles were being registered. Two of the other machines were fighting desperately for second place, hopeless of rivaling Lestrangle, and after them sped the rest.

"The finish!" some one suddenly called. "The last lap!"

Dick was hanging over the paddock fence when the car shot by amidst braying, klaxons, motor horns, cheers, and the clashing music of the band. Frantic, the people hailed Lestrangle as the black and white checked flag dropped before him in proclamation of his victory and the ended race.

Rupert raised his arms above his head in the signal of acknowledgment, as they flew across the line and swept on to complete the circle to their camp. Lestrangle slackened speed to take the dangerous, deeply furrowed turn for the last time, his car poised for the curving flight under his guidance—then the watching hundreds saw the driver's hands slip from the steering-wheel as he reached for the brake. Straight across the track the machine dashed, instead of following the bend, crashed through the barrier, and rolled over on its side in the green meadow grass.

"The steering-knuckle!" Bailey groaned, as the place burst into uproar around them. "The wheel—I saw it turn uselessly in his hands!"

"They're up!" cried a dozen voices. "No, one's up and one's under." "Who's caught in the wreck—Lestrangle or his man?"

But before the people who surged over the track, breaking all restraint, before the electric ambulance, Dick French reached the marred thing that had been the Mercury car. It was Lestrangle who had painfully struggled to one knee beside the machine, fighting hard for breath to speak.

"Take the car off Rupert," he panted, at Dick's cry of relief on seeing him. "I'm all right—take the car off Rupert."

The next instant they were surrounded, overwhelmed with eager aid. The ambulance came up and a surgeon precipitated himself toward Lestrangle.

"Stand back," the surgeon commanded generally. "Are you trying to smother him? Stand back."

But it was he who halted before a gesture from Lestrangle, who leaned on Dick and a comrade from the camp.

"Go over there, to Rupert."

"You first—"

"No."

There was nothing to do except yield. Shrugging his shoulders, the surgeon shouldered the necessary moment. A moment only; there was no protest, but he himself never left scattering of the hushed workers, a metallic crash.

From the space the car had covered a small figure uncoiled, lizard-like, and staggered unsteadily erect.

"Where's Darling Lestrangle?" was

hurling viciously across the silence. "Gee, you're a slow bunch of workers! Where's Lestrangle?"

The tumult that broke loose swept all to confusion. And after all it was Lestrangle who was put in the surgeon's care, while Rupert rode back to the camp on the driver's seat of the ambulance.

"Tell Emily I'll come over to her as soon as I'm fit to look at," was the message Lestrangle gave Dick. "And when you go back to the factory, have your steering-knuckles strengthened."

Dick exceeded his commission by transmitting the speech entire; repeating the first part to Emily with all affectionate solicitude, and flinging the second cuttingly at his uncle and Bailey.

"The doctors say he ought to be in bed, but he won't go," he concluded. "No, you can't see him until they get through patching him up at the hospital tent; they put every one out except Rupert. He hasn't a scratch, after having a ninety Mercury on top of him. You're to come over to our camp, Emily, and wait for Lestrangle. I suppose everybody had better come."

It was a curious and an elevating thing to see Dickie assume command of his family, but no one demurred. An official, recognizing in him Lestrangle's manager, cleared a way for the party through the noisy press of departing people and automobiles.

The sunset had long faded, night had settled over the motordrome and the electric lamps had been lit in the tents, before there came a stir and murmur in the Mercury camp.

"Don't skid, the ground's wet," cautioned a voice outside the door. "Steady!"

Emily started up, Dick sprang to open the canvas, and Lestrangle crossed the threshold. Lestrangle, colorless, his right arm in a sling, his left wound with linen from wrist to elbow, and bearing a heavy purple bruise above his temple, but with the brightness of victory flashing above all weariness like a dancing flame.

"Sweetheart!" he laughed, as Emily ran to meet him, heedless of all things except that he stood within touch once more. "My dear, I told them not to frighten you. Why, Emily—"

For as he put his one available arm about her, she hid her wet eyes on his shoulder.

"I am so happy," she explained breathlessly. "It is only that."

"You should not have been here at all, my dear. But it is good to see you. Who brought you? Bailey?" catching sight of the man beside Dick. "Good, I wanted some one to help me; Rupert and I have got to find a hotel and we're not very active."

Emily would have slipped away from the clasp, scarlet with returning recollection, but Lestrangle detained her to meet his shining eyes.

"The race is over," he reminded, for her ears alone. "I'm going to keep you, if you'll stay."

He turned to take a limping step, offering his hand cordially to the speechless Bailey, and faced for the first time the other man present.

"I think," said Ethan French, "that there need be no question of hotels. We have not understood each other, but you have the right to Frenchwood's hospitality. If you can travel, we will go there."

"No," answered David French, as quietly. "Never. You owe me nothing, sir. If I have worked in your factory, I took the workman's wages for it; if I have won honors for your car, I also won the prize-money given to the driver. I never meant so to establish any claim upon Frenchwood or you. I believe we stand even. Dick has taken my place, happily; Emily and I will go on our own road."

They looked at each other, the likeness between them most apparent, in the similar determination of mood which wiped laughter and warmth from the younger man's face. However coldly phrased and dictatorially spoken, it was an apology which Mr. French had offered and which had been declined. But—he had watched



"I Am So Happy."

Lestrangle all day; he did not lift the gauntlet.

"You are perfectly free," he conceded, "which gives you the opportunity of being generous."

His son moved, flushing through his pallor.

"I wish you would not put it that way, sir," he objected.

"There is no other way. I have been wrong and I have no control over you; will you come home?"

There was no other argument but that that could have succeeded, and the three who knew Lestrangle knew that could not fail.

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Mrs. J. H. Bourland.

"You want me because I am a French," David rebelled in the final protest. "You have a substitute."

"Perhaps I want you otherwise. And we will not speak in passion; there can be no substitute for you."

"French and French," murmured Dick coaxingly. "We can run that factory, Lestrangle!"

"There's more than steering-knuckles needing your eye on them. And you love the place, Mr. David," said Bailey from his corner.

From one to the other David's glance went, to rest on Emily's delicate, earnest face in its setting of yellow-bronze curls. Full and straight her dark eyes answered his, the convent-bred Emily's answer to his pride and old resentment and new reluctance to yield his liberty.

"After all, you were born a French," she reminded, her soft accents just audible. "If that is your work?"

Very slowly David turned to his father.

"I never learned to do things by halves," he said. "If you want me, sir—"

And Ethan French understood, and first offered his hand.

Rupert was discovered asleep in a camp-chair outside the tent, a few minutes later, when Dick went in search of him.

"The limousine's waiting," his awaker informed him. "You don't feel bad, do you?"

The mechanician rose cautiously, wincing.

"Well, if every joint in my chassis wasn't sore, I'd feel better," he admitted grimly. "But I'm still running. What did you kiss me awake for, when I need my sleep?"

"Did you suppose we could get Lestrangle home without you, Jack Rupert?"

"I ain't supposing you could. I'm ready."

The rest of the party were already in the big car, with one exception.

"Take a last look, Rupert," bade David, as he stood in the dark paddock. "We're retired; come help me get used to it."

Rupert passed a glance over the deserted track.

"I guess my sentiment-tank has given out," he sweetly acknowledged. "The Mercury factory sounds pretty good to me, Darling. And I guess we can make a joy ride out of living, on any track, if we enter for it."

"I guess we can," laughed David French. "Get in opposite Emily. We're going home to try."

THE END.

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